

GORGONEICON:²

Being a Supplement to *Whistoneutes*.

in which is contain'd a long and prolix

HISTORICAL NARRATION OF THE

Family, Person, Dress, Manner of Life,
Principles, Humours, and Notions of *Simon
Scriblerus*, the Author of

WHISTONEUTES.

And out of which may be extracted the Honey
of Divinity, the Marrow of Morality, and the
very Quintessence of Policy, Law, and History.

Interspersed thro'out with many curious and useful
Things in all parts of Life.

Together with many merry *Scotch* Tales, which, it is to
be hoped, will be speedily set to *Scotch* Tunes and Marches,
by the best and ablest Hands.

The like hardly ever seen before.

By *Andrew Scriblerus*, First Cousin to *Simon*.

*Our Soul is filled with the scornful Reproof of the Weal-
thy ; and with the Despiteness of the Proud !
The Proud have digged Pits for us which are not after
God's Law.*

*Why do the Heathen so furiously rage together ?
Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and so ye perish from the
right way.*

L O N D O N :

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GORDON & LEBRON



An E-pis-to-la-ry De-di-ca-
ti-on or A De-di-ca-to-ry
E-pis-tle to *Tho-mas Gor-*
don.

Tom of Ten-Thousand !

SINCE my Cousin Simon Scriblerus has mention'd thy Name in his Book call'd Whistoneutes, and since I have mention'd it oftner and more at large in my Gorgoneicon following, I cou'd not think of a more proper Patron than thy-self.

Mr. Squire has answer'd and expos'd thy Sophistry unanswerably and manifestly. But he has treated thee too gently, he has handled thee too mildly, and has been ^{too} tender of thee: He has been too mealy-mouthed; he has not half enough jirkt and firkt thy Scotch Tarra-Diddle Bum-Fiddle.

For this Reason my Cousin Simon and I Andrew his Cousin have given thee a Taste, a Specimen, a Spice, and Example, how we can use thee in the way of thy beloved Buffoonery, Ribbaldry, Jargon, and Satire. ^{(1) alluding to}
And instead of being thy Tutelar Saint, I ^{St. Andrew the} intend to expose thee for thy daring Inso-
^{Tutelar Saint} lence, Wickedness, and Rascality. ^{of Scotland.}

I am not insensible that thou may'st laugh at our Artillery, because thou hast play'd thy Game ; because that Atheistical Physician Walsh has dub'd thee a Ten-Thousand-Poundist, and thou hast otherwise receiv'd Rewards by thy Independent-Whig.

But however thou may'st rejoice in thy ill-gotten Goods for a while, so great a Load of the wicked Mammon (too great for most of thy Country-men to bear) must, nay will, in spite of thy Atheism, ere long gall and fret thee to the Quick.

And then if thou art excited, like Judas, to exercise Judgment on thyself, thou oughtest first to cast thy Treasure into the publick Scottish Bank, or to scatter it on the Mountains for thy Brethren Highlanders to run and scramble for, because it is the price of Blood, most precious Blood, and the wages of Unrighteousness, Treachery, Falshood and Iniquity.

If thou begin'st to fume and chafe, and to threaten me with a Paper-Challenge, behold I accept it, and bid thee Defiance ; because I am very well satisfy'd that Death has bereaved thee of many of thy Sidesmen, Assistants, and Supporters, who perhaps may have pass'd the Styx, if thou didst not pick their Pockets of their last Ferry-penny, when thou wentest to comfort and absolve them with the Ointment of thy Independent-Whig.

And if thou hast Confederated a-new, my Self and Relations here named in the
Preface

*Preface following will boldly face about,
and give you Battle.*

Thou, like a Coward, hast dedicated thy Independent-Whig to the Convocation, a dead Body; which, if alive, thou durst not approach. And if ever it shou'd be resuscitated, reviv'd, and re-animated, thy insolent, self-boasting Book may shine in the Flames by the Hand of the Hangman, in Company with some more of the like Sort.

We, like bold Englishmen, have given thee our Names, (which thou and thy Fellow-Undertakers did conceal) and my Place of Abode; and I have dedicated my following Historical Preface to thee; O Tom Gordon, wallowing in Luxury and Lewdness by the Folly and Degeneracy of my Countrymen: at whom (tho ever so unwillingly, I must own) thou and thy Country-men have all the Reason in the World to laugh, and to erect a Triumphal-Arch at Edinburgh for thee to pass under, laden with their Spoils, in Memory of this rare Victory over them.

If thou carriest a true Scottish Vultenance, a freckled, morpew Face, and sandy Locks and Beard, and blabber Lips; or in thy Features and Lineaments dost resemble the Duke of Lauderdale, set forth, describ'd, and beautifully painted by his and thy Countryman Dr. Burnet, in the History of his own Times; I desire thee to oblige us with thy Picture, in the next Edition of thy Book, for a Frontispiece, which must then be wonderfully comely to behold!

I cannot drive it out of my Head but that thou hast a red, carrotty Beard, from an old Belgic Proverb—Rooden baert felden goedt oft van goeden acrat—In plain English—Red bearded Men are seldom of any good Disposition. What thinkest thou of it, thou unlucky, mischievous, ill-dispos'd, and wicked-contriving Fellow?

Be this as it will, if thy Beard be not naturally so, I conceive it may be now ting'd with a yellow Cast, by virtue of old Walsh's Chymical Golden-Wash.

I once thought to have spun out my Dedication to thirty and seven Pages, the length of thy modest one to the Convocation: But I hope what may be added to it out of my Gorgoneicon following will make it Tantamount.

And I am afraid of spending too much Pen, Ink and Paper on my Powder-le-Pimp; which thou may'st perceive is as ready in converting, assimilating, and applying, as thine is in perverting, disguising, and misapplying.

As I have made an Apology in the following Gorgoneicon for the seemingly ill, foul, and unmannerly Language I therein, and here in my Dedication bestow on thee and thy Country-men, I need not repeat it. My Friends will excuse it; and thy self surely must in justice stand by the Liberty of the Press, and give leave for others to be full of Indignation and Laughter by turns, as well as thy Self. (Pag. 116. Independent Whig

Whig and elsewhere.) And if thou can'st not bear an English Joke, then flee to the Scotch Mountains for Shelter. I only desire my Readers to spare their Censures till they have read me thro'out.

And as I have given thy Patron Walsh some hard-Names, I think it but Justice to give my Readers his true and real Character, as it has been related to me here in Town by some worthy, credible, and creditable Worcestershire Gentlemen, to whom I am oblig'd.

And first take his Epitaph by an English Country-Pedagogue. —

Old Faustus the Second, the Demon of Stockton, ⁽³⁾ ^{(3) The name of his parish.}
 Things sacred and serious he still made a Mock on.
 Like a Wolf or a Tyger he strove ev'ry hour,
 Some innocent Creature to catch and devour.
 He dy'd as he liv'd, and so let him pass,
 And by his own Will was interr'd like an Ass.

Well said Mr. Burgam.

He never went to Church, but to save his Bacon once a Month; and then laid himself down at length in an unseemly, indecent, and ridiculing manner, during the whole time of Divine Service. It was the chief of his Conversation to be scoffing and railing at, cursing and blaspheming Religion and the Clergy; and his Will shews what a strange Notion he had conceiv'd of the Deity. Wise Heathens have much better express'd themselves.

He was a most cruel, inhospitable, and uncharitable Man. He was a mere Hobbist,
 and

and put himself into a continual State of War, and never walk'd out into his Grounds without a brace of Pistols tuck'd by his side with a Hanger, and a Fowling-Piece on his Shoulder, and a couple of fierce Bull-Dogs at his Heels. He was an intire Misanthropos or Man-hater, and by this Means became odious and hateful to, and hated by all.

He was esteem'd a Conjuror by the Country-People ; and they have a Story of his turning a Batch of Custards Topsey-turvy in the Oven, which his Servants had made at Easter, when Eggs and Milk were plenty, whilst he was at London ; and which, as it is said, he told an Atheistical Club in which he was that he cou'd perform ; and which, as is currently reported, he did, both to the great Surprize and Disappointment of his no Evil-thinking or Harm-doing Servants ! Behold here Eraastian juggling ! How true this may be I won't pretend to say. Perhaps thou may'st tell, as having been, or being, a Member of Deistical and Atheistical Clubs, O Gordon.

He order'd his Body to be buried in his Garden ; which was perform'd most decently, without any Ceremony of a Bell, a Parson, or Burial-Office, (after the new Gordonian Fashion) or any mention made by any one present, of their sure and certain, or even their least, hopes of his Resurrection to eternal Life, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Whom he always despis'd or forgot thro' the whole course of his Life ; and never mention'd his
Name

Name in his Will, or call'd upon him on his Death-Bed, or wou'd have repeated over him at his Burial; which whenever a Clergyman of himself refuses to do over obstinate and wicked creatures, he's sure to be su'd and harra's'd to death.

Or if he had not been buried this way, he order'd his Body to have been carried down the River Severn, and cast into the Ocean. Which, I think, of the two wou'd have been the properest way; because he might then have met with his Brethren the Sharks and other Fishes of Prey, which wou'd sooner have devour'd him (and a devilish tough bit they would have had of him) than his other Brethren the earthly Worms.

I wonder he did not choose to be laid on a Funeral Pile (like the old Heathen Romans) with his Gold and his old dry Hops, and to have left the World in a Blaze, or gone off the Stage in a Flash of Fire! But perhaps he was not so much a brave Roman as to bear the Thoughts of Burning in this World, however it might fare with him in the next.

Instances there are enow of his Cruelty and Uncharitableness to the Poor, and of his Inhumanity towards all; and none of his Hospitality to his Neighbours.

Witness his hoarding up his Hops and Cyder for Years together, and in times of Scarcity, rather than part with them for Money to supply the Necessities of the Country.—By which it appears that his Passion of Hatred to his Fellow-Creatures was more intense,

intense, was predominant over his Love of his God Money !

Witness his boarding up immense Sums of Money, which he had hid in Holes and Corners rather than lend out upon good Securities to circulate among and assist his Neighbours in Trade and other ways.—

Here appears a mixture of his Hatred of Mankind, and his Love of Money: He locks it up from Men's true use of it, that he may have a Golden God by him to worship, and to put his whole Trust and Confidence in !

Witness his Lawing to Pieces and Destruction the honest, painful, and laborious Ludlow—and other Carriers, for going thro' part of his Ground in the Winter, when the Roads were impassable, or (in the new coin'd word from the French) impracticable. And indeed all his ways were almost, and generally speaking, unmatchable.

And what cou'd be more cruel, unjust, and barbarous, even to a poor Scotchman, who was passing thro' his Ground, and had laid down his Pack to rest ; and whilst he was gone from it a little way to an Apple-tree (with which almost every Hedge in that Country abounds) to get two or three Apples to quench his Thirst, the old Barbarian was aware of him, and in the mean time sneak'd to the poor Fellow's Pack, and, being always ready arm'd for Blood-shed and Execution, he drew his Hanger, and most unmercifully and inhospitably cut, mangled, and

and butcher'd his poor Fellow-Creature's Livelihood!

He was too hard loaded with his Goods (poor Slave) to have carried off many Apples. And did so small a Trespas deserve so great a Revenge? Or indeed wou'd any body besides himself have taken any Notice of it? This was Lex Talionis with a Witness, and much exceeded an Eye for an Eye, or a Tooth for a Tooth! But behold the Mercy, Justice, Charity, Righteousness, and glorious Principles of the Erastian and the Independent Whig! What Halcion-Days may not our Posterity expect!

If the least Spark of Pity, Remorse, or Conscience had ever appear'd in this formidable Boas, (See Topsell's Treatise of Serpents, pag. III.) I shou'd have concluded that he had made thee, O Gordon, his Executor, to have aton'd for this Barbarity exercis'd on one of thy poor Brethren. But as he was a mere Devil embodied in human Shape, it was merely for the sake of the like infernal Practices which he very well knew that thy Independent-Whig cou'd not fail of producing, which prevail'd with him thus amply and openly to reward thee for it.

In short, I never read or heard of a worse, or the like inhuman, ill-natur'd, outrageous, unreasonable, unmerciful, or diabolical Creature on Earth than this old Walth, unless it were that old Cockey Woolston, that Statanical Terrier,—the Independent-

dent-Whig, that Plutonical Mongrel—and old Tindal, that hellish Spaniel.

This is my Plea for calling old Walsh any ill Name. And what I have written is publicly known to be true in his Country. Canst thou blame me then, Independent Tom?

Thou talk'st in thy Book of a Coalition propos'd between some Church of England Clergy and some Church of France Clergy. Really I do not know any thing of the matter. It is very plain that there is a great League struck up between thee and Messieurs Barbeyrac, Moliere, and Rabelais, to supply thee with Baboonery to grin and chatter us out of our Religion; as there was of old between the French and the Scotch to invade and plunder us of our Sheep and Cattle, and to disturb us in our lawful Possessions; as will hereafter appear.

And when thou, speaking of Lashing, which some of the Papists use in their Religion by way of Mortification, say'st that it will sometimes serve for another purpose, had'st thou not an Eye to the Account of the Flogging Cullies in the London-Spy, or to thy own Experience of their Discipline? Really, I think, that as the Scotch Itch, when it is pamper'd and improv'd to the Height in England, generally centers and breaks out in the Cod-piece, there is a very great occasion for Whipping, Lashing, Scarifying, Drawing the Testicles, Cupping, Blistering, Bleeding, Purging, and Brimstone, to lay, quel, and punish, not to raise, mount, and

and curry the Scotch unruly Devil. Hab! Hab! Hab! is there not Tom? (pag. 338. Independent Whig.)

What a parcel of French Powder-Monkeys and Canoneers hast thou been beholden to for Materials to make thy Independent Whig Squibs, Serpents, Rockets, and Hand-Granades? And how hast thou been forc'd to ransack even Hell for Matches and Fire to alight and throw them about? And what vile Authors and scrubby Practices dost thou take thy Hints and Allusions from?

But be not deceiv'd, Tom, we will not be mocked out of our Religion either Doctrinal or Ceremonial; nor laugh'd out of our good Organs and Bells. Didst thou not take the hint at Bells from Rabelais? I do not care if thou didst; nor am I asham'd to tell thee that I love good and musical Organs and fine Bells; and if thou hast a good Ear, (but I fear thou hast nothing good belonging to thee) thou mayst perceive that I am a Ringer of Changes. A good Organ is the finest Concert in the World, and needs no other Instruments, or Italian, or French Voices to assist it.

An honest Captain of my Acquaintance who has been often at Edinburgh told me, that he never heard above one Bell there, and that a good English Frying-pan had a far better Sound; and also that my Cousin Sim's Barn was much better, cleaner, and handsomer than most Churches which he had seen in Scotland. The Scotch are Lovers

of Musick, as may be guess'd by the great swarms of Bag-pipers their Country educates. Now, Tom, judge how it looks in thee a Scot, to come into England, and pretend to jeer us out of our neat and magnificent Churches, pleasant and musical Organs, and melodious tuneable Bells; when thy poor shabby Country cannot plead Decency in any thing; or boast of any thing but Presbyterian rigid Grimace, spiritual Pride, and arrogant Self-concert!

This is like the Scotch when they return out of England, (which is but seldom) and are got beyond the River Tweed, they then begin to talk of the English Sluttishness, when it is notorious that they are in all Respects the filthiest of human kind. All the cleanness in common Cookery or in any thing else that they have, was taught them by the Soldiery. And I will always vote for a sufficient standing Force to keep them clean and quiet; for they are a false, rebellious, and perfidious as well as a dirty, nasty, and slovenly People.

I advise thee, O Tom Gordon, now thou art laden with good English Gold to get Home and keep within the Borders; and build a good plain, and decent Church at Edinburgh, for the honour of thy Country; and bespeak a good Organ, and a Peal of six, eight, ten or twelve Bells of that most ingenious Artist in Europe, that modest, honest, and just-dealing Gentleman Mr. Abraham Rudhall Jun. of Gloucester. But
now

now I think on't, we have a good Workman here in Town, Mr. Phelps of White-chappel, the worst of whose Bells will be all Flowers in Scotland.

Indeed, Tom, I do not place any Popish Merit in the performance of these things, nor in the best of Actions: But I think such Works are noble, generous, praise-worthy, commendable, useful, and necessary. Churches, I mean, are necessary; and a Bell or Bells are necessary to give warning to People to come at the appointed time for Divine Worship; and Organs, tho not necessary, are no ways unbecoming or an hindrance to Divine Service, as thou woud'st insinuate; but, in my opinion, a Furtherance in it, as they rouse and exhilerate our dull and stupid Spirits. And People in all places may adorn and beautify their Churches according to their Abilities, without asking thy Consent, provided they avoid Superstition. I think that it is a custom in Turkey for a deep mouth'd southern Mussulman to get on the top of a Mosque, and set up a hideous Yell for folks to come to worship God and Mahomet; but one of our Saints Bells wou'd drown the cry of twenty such Profane Bellowers.

*If thou wilt do what I propose, it may not indeed convince the World that thou art a Christian; But it may intimate that thou art willing, now thou art inabled by Legacies and Contributions, to do some
Good*

Good, for the Mischief, which, according to thy Ability, thou hast done.

Indeed I know where all Merit is to be found, to whom it is to be ascrib'd and attributed : And were it not to avoid casting a Pearl, a Jewel of most inestimable Value before a Swine, I wou'd direct thee to the Fountain Head. But since thou placest all Merit in thy Independent-Whig, may it at last, for thy Trust in it, give thee thy due recompence of Reward.

For God's sake, Tom Gordon, repent of thy Soul-destroying Principles and Practices. Accuse and impeach thy Confederacy with infernal Rogues, and all the Nest of them ; and thy fellow Thieves who have been cheating and gulling Men out of their eternal Salvation, lest thou shoud'st be—— ; which really I do not wish, as knowing how Precious, how valuable every Soul is in the sight of Heaven. Use the Christian Religion at least with Humanity, and with Temper and Moderation. If thou dost not like the Clergy as Clergy, yet treat them as Men or Gentlemen, to which Character thou pretendest. For really abundance of them are so by Birth, by Fortune, by Education. by good and inoffensive Behaviour, and all are so by being Free-holders of England, and principally by being Christian Priests. And tho most of them are poor like the Apostles (thanks be to Independent-Whigs for the same,) they are thy Betters ; thy Walshian Gold to the Contrary notwithstanding. (See
pag.

pag. 30, 31. of the *Dedication to the Independent-Whig.*)

If thou art angry, I tell thee plainly that I do not fear thee, or value thee of a Fig, a Rush, a Straw, a Button, or a Nut-shell. I have only, and will henceforward make proper Replies unto thee.

And I must tell thee that tho thou and such others, and Sir Simon Degg, in the Title of his Book, the Parson's Counsellor, and Lawyers, and Phyficianers, and the World, and I Andrew, to be in the Fashion, use the word Parson, I conclude that it is done either out of Ignorance or Contempt, I am sure neither of which can be laid to my Charge in the present Case. For it is not a Title belonging to the Clergy; and is only a Corruption of the word Person, by way of Eminence: from Persona Institutus, — or Person Instituted to the Cure or Care of Souls in such or such a Parish. And the old Britons pronounce it rightly, and call their Priest the Person, and not as our ignorant and despising Clowns, the Parson. The word Priest is their true Title; and what, had I the Honour to be of their Tribe, I shou'd rejoice in. For who more honourable and deserving than a good Christian Priest?

How thou triumph'st in thy Synod of Dissenting-Ministers declaring for the Bible! (Pag. 382. Independent-Whig) which, as well as I can remember and recollect, was no more than a Pack of priggish, pretending, mutinous,

mutinous, and doubly-dissenting Ministers, meeting at Salter's or Pinner's Hall, and declaring and subscribing for Arianism or a Whistonian Bible. And therein dissenting from the general part of their dissenting Brethren and the Majority of Dissenters, as they all do from the Church of England and her true Sons and People.

What cou'd all Loyal Hearts and Tongues think and say of such abandon'd Creatures as have sworn to the present Royal Family and happy Government (which God preserve)^{it then} shou'd turn Retrogrades, and vote and subscribe for an utter Change of Government, for an Aristocracy, a Democracy, or any thing but the best, which we enjoy?

O Brave Independent Tom Gordon ! Thou art a glorious Fellow ! Indeed now thou art, whatever thou wast then ! And how often do those Favourite Words, Hocus Pocus, Juggling, Powder le Pimp, Trick, Varnish, Grimace, Roguery, Villany, &c. occur in thy Pages ?

How unluckily does it fall out in the Revolution of a very few Years, that thou, a Scot, shoud'st talk of Asses, Beasts of Carriage, Bridling, Sadling, Yoking, and Putting heavy Burdens, and overloading of Jades till they grew resty, and overturn'd Packs and Riders, (pag. 259. of thy Independent-Whig;) how unlucky, I say, is it that thou shoud'st live to see thy Innuendoes fall (contrary to the Design, Wish, and Expectation of thy Blood-thirsty Mind, thy Soul-

Soul-destroying Principles,) on the Heads and Backs of thy Country-men, when all the honest and considering part of the Kingdom, with united Hearts and Voices, are now for voting the Scotch Pack-Carriers to be unladed, and not the Riders on Packs, but the Carriers of Packs, to be sent a-packing with their Packs into their own Country?

Thou say'st (pag. 383. Independent-Whig) Thou dar'est write the Independent-Whig.

And I dare tell thee, that thou wast, and art a daring, impudent, wicked, and undermining Scotch S——nd——l for the same.

Again, at the Conclusion of the Independent-Whig, thou say'st——That the Religion of the Independent-Whig is the Religion of every wise and honest Man——that it is a Religion of Charity——and that it is the Religion of Jesus.

Thou ly'st like a R———e; and thou art a true Son of the Father of Lies: For it is not the Religion of any such: It is only the Religion of Atheists, Deists, Anti-scripturists, Scoffers, uncharitable Monsters, Despisers, Neglecters, and Prophaners of God's Worship and Sabbaths, and Blasphemers.

It is a Religion to promote Adultery, Fornication, Uncleannefs, Lasciviousness, Idolatry, Witchcraft, Rebellion, Hatred, Variance, Strifes, Wrath, Seditions, Heresies, Schisms, Envyings, Murthers, Drunkenness, Gluttony, Intemperance, and Revellings.

It is not the Religion of a man of good Sense: It is the Religion of Parasites, Clawbacks, and Self-Pleasers and Boasters: — of Dolts, unbridled and unmanag'd Colts, and Dunces; — of stout Braggers, shameless Praters, and superficial Coxcombs, who sit talking and wrangling in Coffee-houses and Taverns, injudiciously crying up some Persons and Things of all sorts, and as idly running others down; who think much more of themselves than any Man of sound Understanding does.

*It is a Religion like that of those Galatians whom Saint Paul reproves of Foolishness, (Gal. 3.) and calls *αὐτοί*; i. e. Gross-witted, Dullards, Blocks, Stupes, Fools, Spiritually-blind, and not of Capacity enough to discern and conceive divine, spiritual, good, and wholesome things: But are Starters-back, Apostates, and Renegadoes from the Profession, Faith, and Doctrine of Jesus Christ into which they were baptiz'd and educated.*

It is the Asylum of Fiddlers, Pipers, Italian Quaverers, Stage-Players, Drollers, and Dancers—of Heydegger's Masqueraders, and Ridototers—of Tumblers and Gesturers —of Jugglers and Legerdemain Players —of Dicers and Gamesters—of Trencher Friends, Cofeners, and Counterfeits—of graceless Ruffians and vain profuse Spendalls—with a vast great Rabblement of other lewd impudent Lubbers of other sorts besides.

It is the Refuge of Bawds, Whores, Procureesses, Pimps, Cutters of Throats and Purses, Incendiaries, and Street-Robbers.

In short, O Tom Gordon, it is thy bewitching Hocus Pocus, thy own Independent-Whig Atheist-craft, to let loose the World, and to make them Independent on the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent : to acquaint Mankind that they are Independent on the Christian and all Religion, and on all Laws Divine and Humane, but those of their own Carnal Minds ; and consequently to leave them Dependent only on Misery, Ruin, and Destruction both Temporal and Eternal.

Are these thy Men of Sense—— these thy Philosophers——and these thy wise and thy honest Men ? Is this thy Independent-Whig Charity to the World ? This thy Respect and Gratitude to thy God and thy Saviour ? And hast thou not transform'd (as much as in thee lieth) the Gospel from Heaven into the Doctrines of Devils ?

Belch'd out thou hast, hellish Curr ! most fulsome Stenches,

To choak and spoil our Males, Females, Lads and Wenches.

Thou many-headed Cerberus ! Slave o'th' Devil !

Hast bark'd out Lies, Slanders, Falshood, and all Evil.

Thou seem'st a Wanton, Rotten, Stinking Mountain Goat.

But get to thy Post ; guard Hell's Gate, and Charon's Boat,

If

If Civil Dudgeon from hence shou'd arise in thy Breast, and thou shoud'st be provok'd to lay hand on thy gallant Rapier, and demand Satisfaction, I do plainly tell thee, that tho I do not wear a Sword, I shall not be afraid to give thee the Meeting, on any English Ground equally advantageous to us both, to engage in a Game of Boxing or Oaken Plant ; and with unstrip'd Body and plain undisguis'd Conscience I will undertake thee, not with Sword or Pistol, but in the name of the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, the living and true God, whom thou hast blasphem'd, and whose Armies thou hast affronted, despis'd and abus'd.

For Seconds thou may'st bring the biggest and oldest of thy B——ds ; and I will pick mine out of my Cous. Sim's Stripplings, not exceeding the Age of Fifteen.

But however thou intendest to proceed, I am intirely easy ; and as I have given Cous. Sim an Invitation to London, which he has promis'd (God willing) to comply with in a Year or two, I promise thee that he shall have an Interview, for he longs to see thee, thou Philistine ! Thou Goliath of Gath !

This is what we propose, if in the interim Death or Remorse do not gore and prick thee to the Heart, or thou art not remov'd by a Habeas Corpus with thy Country-men into the North, from whence never bloweth any Good to England:

I am thine most Scottishly,

Andrew Scriblerus.

GORGONEICON.

I WAS walking lately thro' the *Piazza* (*vulgo* the P Hs) in *Covent-Garden*, and a Gentleman of my Acquaintance met me, and ask'd whether I had seen a new *Pamphlet* intitul'd *Whistoneutes*? And whether I knew the *Author*, or was of the same *Family*? And how I lik'd the *Performance*?

I told him that he might well think I would buy any thing publish'd by any of my *Name* and *Family*, being of the *Scriblerian Race*: — That I did formerly know my *Cousin Simon* very well, but that distance of *Place* only had at present made a *Strangeness* between us: — And as to my *Approbation* of the *Piece*, I told him he must excuse my telling him my *Opinion* of it, because we were very nearly related.

He then said, that I need not be *asham'd* of my Relation, forthat there were a many pretty things in his *Pamphlet*, which had much diverted the *Town* this Winter; and that he had given *Will. Whiston* and his Friends a shrewd *New-year's Gift*.

He then ask'd me—How nearly we were related?

I told him that we were *first-Cousins*, Brother's Children; — that *Simon* was the *Eldest Son* of *Philip* the *Eldest Brother*, and that I *Andrew* was *Eldest Son* of *Bartholomew* the *Second Brother*; for

as I remember, my *Father* told me that my *Grandfather* had seven Sons. We then agreed to meet the next Evening at the *Bedford-Head Tavern*, to talk over *Whistoneutes*, and so parted.

Indeed when I had read the *Piece*, and seen it was my *Cous. Sim's* Performance, I was a little angry at him, that he did not communicate his Design to me, that I might have given him what Assistance I cou'd. For ye must know, Readers, that our *Family* are in the main very loving; and tho there may be a little remnant of old Family *Piques* and Quarrels about the division and sharing of antique Chests, Coffers, carv'd Bed-Posts, jointed Testers, great Pewter Dishes, Brass Pans, Salt-Boxes, Kneading-Troughs, Barrels, Kilderkins, Rundlets, Powdering-Tubs, and other Primitive Goods and Household Stuff of our *Proavians*, *Abavians*, *Atavians*, *Tritavians*, and other *Majorians* and *Ancestors*, yet we all unite against a common Enemy.

Accordingly I wrote to him to let him know my Disgust; at the same time offering him my future Assistance.

He answer'd me by an *Epistle* bearing date Jan. 19th, that he was sorry I was angry, desiring *Forgiveness*, and thanking me for my *Kindness* and good Intentions and Will towards him.—That indeed he did not see or hear any thing of *Whiston's Memoirs* till the latter End of September.—That, they highly provoking him, he inquir'd whether any body had taken notice of them;—and finding that they had escap'd publick Censure, he immediately set upon his *Remarks*, that they might be finish'd within the Year of the *Memoirs*; which he did by the end of November, and so sav'd his Distance:—that he was diffident of his Performance; and if it shou'd not have happen'd to have pleas'd, was willing to take all the shame to himself,

(+) quere if
Mr. Rundlet
derives his
name hence;
if carries in
his Coat 3
Rundlets or
in a Field
Sable?

self, and to have made as good a *Retreat* as he cou'd. But since he finds it has caus'd some *Mirth* and *Laughter*, which he is a great *Lover* of, and that his *Friends* have taken off five hundred of his *Pamphlets*, in order to defray the *Expences* of the *Press*, he desires my *Assistance* for the future.

Accordingly knowing my *Cous. Sim's* Humour and Disposition, I freely *pardon'd* him, as I signify'd to him by the next *Post*; and at his *Request*, and upon his *Promise* to send me all *Letters* which he shou'd receive, and some other requisite *Materials*, I have undertaken this my *Gorgoneicon*, being a *Supplement* to his *Whistoneutes*, in *usum et Whistoni et Gordoni*.—For I venture to put them in the *Second Declension*, and to form them thus—*Nom. Hic Whistonus—Gen. hujus Whistoni—Dat. huic Whistono—Accus. hunc Whistonum. vel Whistonem—Vocat. ô Whistone—Abl. ab hoc Whistono*; ⁽⁴⁾ *Siberianos Domine!* so likewise *Gordonus & Gorgonus*.

From which Noun *Substantive* I derive two *Adjectives*—viz. *Whistonicus* and *Whistonius*. The former, *Whistonic*, may be us'd in the *Elogiastic* way, as *Cous. Sim* has it—intirely new and *Whistonic*; ⁽⁵⁾ The latter, *Whistonian*, in the *Depre-* ^{(5) pag: 63.} *Whistoneut:* *tiaistic* or *Ironical*; as *Mr. Grounds* uses it, a *Whistonian Bible*, in his *Groundish*, *Grounderian*, or *Grounder-berrian Operation*. So also *Gordonicus & Gordonius*—& *Gorgonicus & Gorgonius*.

I am very sensible that my *Cous. Simon* and I *Andrew* his *Cousin* shall provoke the *Stings* of some *Wasps*: But as we are pretty *numerous*, and carry *Boughs* in our hands, we do not doubt of *keeping* them off, wounding them, and destroying their *Combs* full stor'd with *Maggots*, and so of nipping the succeeding *Swarm* in the *Bud*.

This we begin to be apprized of by some accounts my *Cous. Sim* has receiv'd from *Relations*,
B 2 scatter'd

scatter'd abroad here and there, which with some other *Matters* he sent to me. The *Intelligences* came from *Leicestershire*, *Rutlandshire*, *Wiltshire*, and the *Bishoprick*, and are as follow.—

To Mr. Simon Scriblerus, &c.

Dear Cousin,

Scraptost 17 $\frac{1}{2}$.

BEING at *Leicester* the other Day, I sat *Incog.* in the *Coffee-house*, and your *Whistoneutes* was the Subject of Conversation. A little *whipper-snapper dapper* Fellow stood up, and with an *Arian* Air said, that you had as good have let Mr. Jackson alone, for that he would be even with you. Now I promise, that if that Doctor wou'd be *Wherwellian*, or any *Bogtrotting Tolandarian*, or *Bagpiperian Gorgonian* attacks you, I will undertake him; being your most affectionate Cousin, Well-wisher, and humble Servant,

Alexander Scriblerus.

Dear Cous. Simon,

Barly-thorp in the Vale of
Catmoufe near Oakham,
17 $\frac{3}{4}$.

AT a place call'd *Linden* in this Neighbourhood, lives a *Squire* call'd *Squire Barker*, who was so great a *Disciple* of Mr. *Whiston's*, that he cou'd not be easy till he stuck a *Barkerian Imp* into a *Whistonian Stock*, in order to propagate a good kind of *Heretical Fruit*. I suppose the way of common *Grafting* is the same here as in *Herefordshire*; which is only cleaving and extending or parting the *Stock*, and putting in the *Scion* or *Imp*, *Bark* to *Bark*. This same Gentleman, I hear,

hear, is much offended at your *Whistoneutes*, and says he is sure that his *Father-in-Law* is as able to answer you as he did the late Earl of *Nottingham* from his House ; and as well as he has others of his *Opposers*. I shall only tell you that if any of the *Whistonians* in these Parts write or speak against you, I will vindicate you, being your Loving Kinsman,

Isaac Scriblerus.

Honest Sim,

Lidiard Tregoose, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$.

A Gentleman from *Sarum* told me t'other day, that the *Sykers* and *Chubbists* of their Town threaten the Author of *Whistoneutes*. However be not afraid ; for as I know a pretty many of their *Tricks* and Proceedings, I will acquaint you with them. I am almost ashamed to tell you, that our *Cathedral* goes by the name of the *Heterodox Cathedral*. 'Tis pity so high and beautiful a *Spire* should be a *Hive* for Bees without *Honey*. I suppose you have heard that *Chub* is only a *Tallow-Chandler* ; and I don't question but you will agree with me, that a *Chub* is the worst and insipidest and coarsest of all *River-Fish*. Books of *Piscation* tell us, that he greedily catches at a *Grub*, and is easily hook'd ; and when you have caught him, to make him eatable, you had best roast him, season'd with *Salt*, *Spice*, and *Sweet-herbs*, and not to omit good and often *basting* : give me such an honest *Trout* as thyself, which relishes well only with plain *Butter* ; and if pickled eats admirably well, without any other Sauce than a little *Verjuice* and *Fennel*. No more at present from

(Dear Boy) thine most affectionately,

Anthony Scriblerus.

Cous.

Cous. Simon,

Coniscliffe, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$.

I Was last Week at *Durham*, and stay'd a Night or two at the *Alderman's* our Relation: He gave a Treat one of the Evenings to some *Gentlemen* and *Clergymen* of the Town; and they talk'd about your *Whistoneutes*; and said, that they were very glad of the good *Character* that you gave their new *Bishop*, and promis'd themselves a great deal of *Happiness* from him; which I do not doubt of. We drank his *Lordship's* Health, and also yours. But one merry Gentleman said that a certain *Doctor* of their Church declar'd, that if he could catch you in his *Kitchen*, he wou'd certainly lay his *Mundle* about your Pate, for your *Doggrellistical Pentatic*. To which I answer'd, that he wou'd soon have enough of that; for I was very sure my *Cous. Sim* cou'd handle a *Mundle* or any thing else as well as he cou'd: and that he must take it for his *Pains* for keeping such Fellows as *Whiston* company, and for being a *Cross-Street Clubbist*, *Cabalist*, and *Underminerist*. So all the Company join'd in a loud *Laugh*, and said that you and I were both in the right on't. I told 'em I should soon write to you: They all desired their *Service* and *Respects* to you. Dr. *Mangey* in particular is at your *Service*; as is most *sincerely* yours for ever,

Nicholas Scriblerus.

I shall trouble the Reader but with one more which I received lately from my Brother *Ralph* at *Chester*, as followeth;

Dear Brother,

I Thank you kindly for the last *Parcel* you sent by our *Carrier*, and for our *Cous. Sim's* merry *Pamphlet* therewith. I was yesterday morning at our
Coffee-

Coffee-house, which was very full of *Gentlemen*, *Clergy*, and some *strange Gentlemen* and *Officers* who were proceeding for *Holy-Head*, in order to embark for *Dublin*. Some of the Company call'd to one of our *Booksellers*, and ask'd him if he had got any of the *Pamphlets* intitled *Whistonians*, which they had seen *advertis'd*. The *Bookseller* said that he had written to his *Correspondent*, but his answer was, that the first *Impression* was sold, and that there were more coming out, and then he wou'd send some down without any farther *Advice*. Then one of the Company call'd to me and said, *Mr. Scriblerus*, have you heard any thing of a little Book written by one *Simon Scriblerus*? I said that I had receiv'd one from a *Brother* in *London*, the Author being a near *Relation*. Then our *Mayor*, who reads much, desir'd me to lend it him; and two or three more beg'd for it after he had done with it. — Afterwards a tall, well-dress'd, well-looking Gentleman came up to me and said——Sir, I hear you are call'd *Mr. Scriblerus*, and that *Mr. Simon* is your *Relation*: I protest, says he, he's a pleasant Fellow as well as a *Christian* and a *Scholar*. His Book was much taken notice of when I left *Town*, and has caus'd no small *Mirth* and *Speculation* to begin the Year with. —I know, continues he, one *Dr. Martin Scriblerus* in *Dublin*; is he your *Relation*? I said, that I heard my *Brother Andrew* and my *Cous. Sim* say they shou'd be very proud to be owned by him,—that my *Cous. Sim* calls him a distant *Relation* of ours; as indeed he is a very distant one; none of this side the *Herring-Pond* being worthy to be call'd his near *Relation*.—Well, said the Gentleman, I commend your Family for their *Modesty*, and do assure you that I will let *Dr. Martin* know how Affairs stand with them; and do not doubt but
if

if any of you are *attack'd* by Enemies on our side the Water he will come in to your *Assistance*; for he is very fond of his *Name* and *Family* and *Relations*, tho ever so *distant*, if they are of good *Name* and *Repute*. — I thought it proper to let you know this, that you may acquaint Cous. *Sim* with it.

I am Dear Brother,

Your Affectionate, &c.

Ralph Scriblerus.

We have receiv'd a great many more to the same purpose from our Relations in all Parts; particularly from our Cousins *Clement* at *Oxford*, *Toby* at *Cambridge*, *Peter* at *Bath*, *Philip* at *Bristol*, *Paul* at *Canterbury*, *Edward* at *Norwich*, *Cornelius* at *Lincoln*, &c. But do not think it proper to trouble the Readers with them.

I shall rather entertain them with an Account of the *Person*, *Dress*, *Principles*, *Notions*, and *Humours* of my Cousin *Simon*, the Author of *Whistonutes*, in an *historical* Narration.

I know very well that I shall trespass on his *Modesty*, and 'tis what he will be surpriz'd to see, in the *prolix* manner that I shall carry it on. But since B——p H——y and Dr. *Sykes* have publish'd long *Elogiastic* Accounts of the Life of Dr. *S. Clark*: — Since Mr. *Whiston* has publish'd a *Depretiastic* and *Libellian* Account of the same; all which in the next *Generation* will serve only for *Bum-fodder*, to make a clean *Absterfion* of the fecal and fetid *Matter*: — Since the *Honour* of our Family in general, and mine and *Sim's* in particular are at *Stake*, I shall venture to give my Readers the following

following *Account* which I have collected from my former Acquaintance with him, my *late* Renewal of our old *Friendship*, and the Accounts which I have had both by *Letter* and word of *Mouth* from *himself*, and our Cousins *Sawney* of *Scraptost*, *Isaac* of *Barlythorp*, *Toney* of *Lidiard Tregoose*, *Nick* of *Coniscliffe*, and my Brother *Ralph* of *Chester*. All which are *Batchelors*, and have amongst us a tolerable Substance in *Trade*, *Funds*, *Free* and *Copyhold* Lands, which we intend to *bequeath* to our Cous. *Sim* and his *Children*, he having a pretty *many*, as you shall hear presently.

First then as to my Cous. *Sim*'s Person.

He is at least *six* Foot high, and *proportionably* set, a little inclin'd to *fat* like his Forefathers. He is neither *swarthy* nor *fair*, but between *both*. He is very much pitted with the *Small-Pox*; is neither *handsome* or *ugly*; but has a good, plain, honest *old English* Phiz. He was born with all his Limbs, and Senses, both *outward* and *inward*; tho a small *accidental* Mischance befel him in his Youth, which I shall not mention. I have been told that he was a very *beautiful* Boy, which I partly believe, from the Account that our *Grandfather*, and his and my *Fathers* were very proper, comely, and *graceful* Men; and also from the Accounts I have receiv'd that his *Children* are so.

He has a good *English* Spirit in him, and if any body *strikes* him in any manner, he will strike again, and will hold out a good round at *Kick and Cuff*; and Cous. *Anthony* says, that he has heard him say often,—"That he wish'd he was to encounter *Tom. Gordon* in Mr. *Figg's* Amphitheatre, at plain, genuine, *corporal* Exercise."

He is of a *peaceable* Temper notwithstanding; and it must be a very great *Provocation* which will rouse him; but when his *Blood* is up, he lays at

all. Since I have read *Whiston's Memoirs*, I perceive it was that most daring *Procacity*, or *Sawciness*, which there appears, that fetch'd *Sim* out of his darling *Retirement*.

Under this Head it may be proper to tell the Reader, that my Cous. *Sim* married a very beautiful Woman, of a good and antient Family of the *Albanians*, with whom he had a good Fortune, and has had thirteen Children by her, nine of which are now alive, and seven out of which are Boys; very promising Youths which are shooting up every year towards six or seven Foot. He trains them up to Foot-ball, Cudgel-playing, Tilts, Tournaments, Bows, and the Gray-goose Arrows, and other manly and old British Exercises; and his two eldest are of an undaunted Courage, and in four or five Years time will be ready to take the Field against the Gorgons, the Hydras, the Vipers, the Scorpions, and other venomous Serpents, the Seed of the old Dragon.

Sim is very good at throwing Doublets, having had Twins twice together, and his Wife is now big with Child or Children; he being a great Lover of that same, as himself freely confesses in his *Whistoneutes*. (pag. 82)

(6) Matrimony.

Among his Children you may see the Likenesses of both his own and his Wife's Family, which is very agreeable to us his celebical Relations. As also that he and his Wife live very lovingly and constantly together. She is indeed of a very affable and genteel Temper and Behaviour, and suits herself to his Humours in all things, tho she was bred in a City, and conforms to all plain, sober Country-ways of living. There are two things, I think, that she has brought *Sim* to comply with her in, and that is the wearing of a *Perriwig*, and the drinking of Tea. The former he often threatens to break thro'; but has promis'd to indulge her

her in the *latter* as long as she lives; it being what she was bred up with, and the only *Town-extravagance* she is guilty of.

It may not be impertinent to tell you, that *he* is enter'd on his *forty first* Year, and *she* on the *thirty seventh*. Both *young* and *able* enough for half as many more *Children* as they have. And so I pass,

Secondly, To Simon's Dress.

As the *Necessity* and *Provision* of *Cloaths* is one among many of the *Punishments* we suffer from the *Fall*, when our *first* Parents were for their *Disobedience* banish'd *Paradise*; —and as at first they made shift with *Fig-leaves* and the *Skins of Beasts*, till their *Posterity* multiply'd, and *Necessity* (*the Mother of Invention*) put them upon *contriving* and making of *Clothes* according to the different *Climates* where they were scatter'd and spread: — And as mankind are the most *Beautiful* of all *Creatures*, and do not need any *outward* *Ornaments*; and as they wou'd have appear'd *Beautiful* without *Cloaths*, had they continu'd *Innocent*; —In fine, as we came *Naked* into the *World*, and must return *Naked* out of it, *Sim* is not solicitous about his *Dress*, so that he be *whole* and clean in his *Garments*; and no body is more *Cleanly* in, or a *better* *Husband* of his *Clothes*.

He keeps a little *Flock* of *Sheep*, and sometimes sends his *Wooll* to the next *Clothing-Town*, to be made into a piece of good *Grave-colour'd* *Cloth* for himself and *Children*. Or else he buys good *narrow* *Cloth* not exceeding five *Shillings* or five *Shillings* and six *Pence* *per* *Yard*. For his *Bettermost* indeed he buys a *Broad* *Cloth* *Suit* of about fourteen *Shillings* *per* *Yard*, in which he goes to Church on *Sundays*, and pays his *Visits* in to *Lords*, *Bishops*, *Baronets*, *Members of Par-*

liament, Esquires, Clergy and Gentlemen, among whom he meets with very civil *Treatment*, and he desir'd me to thank them here for their *Favours*: For he is of a very *grateful Temper*, and never forgets any *Kindnesses*.

As to the *Fashion*, he forbids his *Taylor* to put him into the very *Pink* of the *Mode*; and matters not whether his *Sleeve* be big or little, high or low turn'd up; or of what *Mince-pye-corner* shape his *Pocket flap* be of, whether scallop'd, indented, square, round or sharp-pointed, or plain; knowing that if the *Make* of his *Coat* be out of *Fashion* *next Year*, it will come in again before he shall need a *new Suit*; just according as the *Taylor's* please. Sometimes he converts a *Coat* into a *Wastcoat*; and what won't do in that way for *himself*, must for his *Children*. He has *Changes* for *Summer* and *Winter*; which he thinks, is *Variety* enough.

As to *Breeches*, I shall pass by one of the *Necessary* Uses of them which our *Cous. Martin* in some of his *Tracts* has mention'd; and only observe that *Sim* wears 'em neither too *big* nor too *little*, loving to be *free* and *easy* in every thing. One Particular I will here write for *Publick Information*, which I learnt from *Sim*; and which, I must say, is not out of *Necessity* from any *laxative* or non-retentive *Quality* attending either of us, but out of pure *Neatness* and *Cleanliness*—and it is to have the *Lining* of your *Wastband* bound with *Tape* on the lower side, and your *Lining* so bound at the top, and also at the knees with *Strings* of *tape* to tie; and then you may have them tack'd in or taken out as ye see *Occasion*; and always provide a good stock of *Dimitties* for *Winter*, and *Flaxen* or *Holland ones* for *Summer*, as your *Pockets* can speak. And thus will ye be clean in your *Breeches* like

like *Sim* and *Me*, if ye will forbear and keep from corrupted *Females*, as we do.

For *Stockings*, he delights in the *Yorkshire Rib'd*, or the four threaded *Strawbridge knit*, or in any that are good and strong.

He sticks to his *Square-nos'd Shoes*; being persuaded that if our *Foplings* live to have *Gout*, *Rheumatism*, or *Corns*, they will be glad to kick off their Women's strait *Sharp-toed* ones.

There's hardly any thing among the common things of Life, which vexes *Sim* so much as whimsical and fantastical *Beaus*, or to see any body dress above his *Station* and *Circumstances*. He wonders that when Men have a good, easy, and convenient *Fashion*, they cannot abide by it; and thinks that it is a great degrading of stout-hearted, noble *Englishmen*, to be perpetually under the Direction and Management of puny, finical *French-men* and *Paris-Tailors*; —he is of Opinion, that if an observing *Turk* were to come from *Constantinople* by the way of *Paris* to *London*, he must certainly conclude, that the *English* had no *Tutors* but *Parisian Tailors* and *French Botchers*.

A very offensive sight it is to him to see your *Pig-tail'd Animals*, which our *Cous. Martin* has lately expos'd: Which *Fashion*, as he imagines, we had from the *French*, and they from the *Chinese*; as may be seen in a Picture of a *Chinese Emperor* of the *Tartarian Breed*, in a Book intitl'd the *Dutch-Embassy to China*, written many Years since.

Also your great *Bags* are very formidable things in his sight, with the broad *black Ribbon*, and *Whiskers* under the Chin: likewise your *Frosted* or *Emplaster'd Beauties*, as he hints in his *Whistoneuteasian Catalogue*. (pag. 67.)

Tradesmen

Tradesmen in *knotted Wigs*, and *Chandlers* and *petty Mechanics* in all *Market-Towns* in *Wigs* from *three* to *five* *Guineas Price*, are enormous *Creatures* with him. Tho he wears one himself, I cannot tell but he may leave it off before this be publish'd; and had long since thrown it in the *Fire* had it not been to please his *Wife*; esteeming every head of *Hair* which is given us by our bountiful *Maker* to be most handsome and becoming, and what we are *undeserving* of, unless we were more *grateful* and thankful to him than we are. And after all, as we cannot add one *Cubit* to our *Stature*, so we cannot make an *Hair*, or create the least *Matter*; we can only *modify*, *change*, and *transform* what is ready made to our *Hands*. However we allow an *Indulgence* of *Periwigs* to *bald Pates*, and to some others upon very extraordinary *Occasions* of *Health*.

But to proceed—There's nothing so nauseous in his Sight as to see *Dancing-Masters*, *Fiddlers*, *Mountebank-Doctors*, or *Merry-Andrews*, like myself, and *Tradesmen* in *Gold* and *Silver Lace*, *Velvets*, *Silks*, fine *Lac'd Shirts*, &c. such things in no wise belonging to *them*, but to *Men* of *Fortune* and *Distinction*.

Above all, nothing provokes him so much as to see *Men* affecting to be *Women*, and *Women* to be *Men*; a *Masculine Woman*, and an *Effeminate Man*; a *Female Virago*, and a *Male Virgo*. What *Amphibious Creatures* are these? 'Tis pity but they had been born *Hermaphrodites* or *Eunuchs*! I believe many of our effeminate *Coxcombs* have really made themselves of the latter kind in their *Venereal Wars*.

Let *Noblemen* appear and act as *Noblemen*, *Gentlemen* as *Gentlemen*, *Tradesmen* as *Tradesmen*,
Men

Men as Men, Women as Women, Fiddlers, as Fiddlers. And the *Gold* and *Silver* which is spar'd from the *Backs* of all others besides those of our *Nobility, Gentry, and Military Officers,* will do better in *Current Coin* amongst the *Publick.*

And tho some may get *Estates* by making and cheating in *Perriwigs,* as also *Scotch Pedlars* in fleecing the *Country* of their *Hair,* yet these *Extravagancies* and *Superfluities* help to ruin many others : And *Barbers* may get honest *Livelihoods* by *Shaving* of *Beards,* (if *Unshaven* ones are not introduc'd) *cropping* of *Hair,* and in the *Intervals,* by *knitting* of *Cabbage nets,* (which was part of their *Original Employment*;) which being worn so much on the *Head* makes a *Scarcity* of them, to the great *Inconvenience* of plain *Roasting-and Boiling-Cook Wenches.* Not to forget those other considerable *Branches* of the *Barber's Trade,* of *Tooth-Drawing, Corn-Cutting, Bone-Setting, Bleeding,* and *Barbarous Surgery.* *Blood-letting,*

Do ye think that it had been ever the worse for the *Publick,* if a *Hoop-Petticoat Taylor* had not built an *House* almost fit for a *Palace* ? As *Sim* was shewn one once in the *Road* between *Uxbridge* and *London.* The *Whale-bone Merchants,* as well as the *Tailors,* may have gotten by the *Hoops,* and have hoisted up their *Whale-bone* to an extravagant *Price,* to the great *Detriment* of poor *Girls* and others who must have *Stays.*

Let this be enough for *Sim's Woollen* and *Hair Drapery.* Now to his *Linnen.*

He has always a *Set* of good *English-Flaxen* *Shirts* for *Summer* ; and shifts twice a *Week,* viz. on *Sundays* and *Thursdays* ; as he shaves on *Saturdays* and *Wednesdays.* This being enough, as he

he thinks, to keep an *honest* Man *sweet* and decent.

He has also half a Dozen *Holland* ones of about five Shillings and six Pence *per* Ell; which he wears only when he goes to wait on his *great* Neighbours, as *aforsaid*, and on the *High Festivals* of the Church.

But it is a sad Grievance to him to see every *Puppy* of a Tradesman with a clean *Holland* Shirt every Day from five Shillings to eight Shillings *per* Ell. What *Trade* does this encourage? Why the *Dutch*, the *Soap-boiling*, and therein the *Tax*; and in the main helps forward the *Trade* of *breaking* of Tradesmen and others.

Which is some reason that I cannot complain of another very great Grievance, in the name of any such *Prodigal* Tradesmen, with so good a grace as otherwise I might: which is that of *Scotch Hawkers* and *Pedlars*; who are continually *Plying* up and down the Kingdom, and *forcing* People by their Importunity to buy of them, almost whether they will or no; to the unspeakable *Damage* of our own Neighbours and Countrymen.

I know very well that *some* Tradesmen (and indeed too many) do *break*, and will break *merely* by their own *Luxury*, *Idleness*, and *Extravagance*. Yet in my Opinion this cannot be fairly pleaded in behalf of these scandalous Cheating *Rascals* to go up and down, and supplant our own honest and *creditable* Tradesmen, who are *Bone* of our *Bone*, and *Flesh* of our *Flesh* in the *nearest* degrees; and who pay vast *House-rents* and *Taxes*, whose Parents paid great *Sums* for, and they endur'd a seven Years *Bondage* in their *Apprenticeships*; and who are forc'd to work, and keep open Shop by *Candle-Light*, and keep all

all publick *Buildings* and *Streets* in repair in our *Cities* and *Market-Towns* ; and are at more necessary *Charges* and *Expences* than I can now *enumerate*.

The *Triumph* of these *Spoilers* of our *Tradesmen* appears most notoriously in that—when a common *Carrier* of a *Pack* has rang'd and ransack'd the *Country* for a few years, and by his *Lies* and *Roguery* has got a good *Sum* together, he immediately commences *Linen-Draper* forsooth ! Takes an *House* in a *Market-Town*, and not only opens *Shop*, but furnishes out whole *Clans* of *Understrappers* to go about and plague the *Country* ; for tho you give them an *answer*, they will rend your *Ears* with buy any *Scotch-Cloth* in a *Scotch-tone*, *Holland*, *Muslin*, &c. *Gloves*, *Stockings*, &c. and in short *every thing*. And it is not one in a *Town* of these transform'd *Drapers* which will satisfy ; many *small Towns* have two or three ; and the bigger the *Town* the more creep in. What, must the *Gentlemen* and *Free-holders* of *South-Britain* be nothing but *Loaders* and *Unloaders* of the *Packs* and *Budgets* of the *North-British Slaves* and *Scoundrels* ? And must our pretty *Market-Towns* be nothing but *Receptacles* for such *Scotch Linen-Drapers* ? If you ask five hundred of these *Vagabonds* from whence they come ? they will all answer from *Dumfries* ; being *asham'd*, as I fancy, to own that they come farther *North*.

And now, O all ye *London-Drapers*, *Silk-Mercers*, and *Shop-Keepers* in the *Strand*, *Ludgate-Hill*, *Cheapside*, and elsewhere scatter'd thro'out *Streets*, *Lanes*, *Alleys*, and *Courts*, learn to be grateful and thankful to me *Andrew* and my *Cous. Sim* ; and never henceforward be *lavish* of your *Goods*, or throw them away upon such *Villains* as *Woolston* ; such as pieces of *Holland*, and many other good and valuable *Goods* both to eat, drink,

and wear ; and such as he was never rear'd up with by his *Mungrel Dunghill*-Parents. I was told by a pretty ingenious young Gentleman, that he was introduc'd into that *Son of Perdition's* Company by some prodigal *Novelty-seeking* Tradesmen, who were very fond of him, and treated him, and stuff'd the old Dog's Skin with the best ; and then he vauntingly and arrogantly said—" That, he " thank'd God, he cou'd now have a Dish of " Coffee !" I shall only ask him, what he will do for Coffee on *Milton's Metaphysic Hill* in *Hades*, cited by *Woolston*, and spoken to by *Cous. Sim?* (7)

(7) pag. 64.
Whistonent:

O Gentlemen-Tradesmen of *London* ! we know that many of you are a parcel of luxurious, wicked, whoring Fellows ; that ye keep *Misses* at one end of the *Town*, whilst your Wives cuckold you at the other ; and that by a damnable Contrivance betwixt yourselves, ye often draw in many unwary Gentlemen to pay too dear for their criminal Conversation and Folly. We know very well that ye want a Religion to favour and countenance such Practices ; but you may depend on it that the *Christian* does not, nor ever will ; neither can *Woolston* destroy, or any others model it to your ungodly Purposes.

And therefore for the future, if ye can get rid of the *Scotch-Drapers* and their *Clans*, and recover your Trade in all its Branches, learn to be better, and to do better, and live in the fear of *Providence* and a future State, lest Swarms and Armies of *Saracens*, *Turks*, or other *Foreigners* invade you, and destroy you with your fine Shops and Riches too. As great and as famous Cities as yours have been overthrown for their *Wickedness*, and *Defiance* and *Contempt* of the divine Power and Mercy.

We know also that there are many great, good, and sensible *Tradesmen* of all sorts in *London*, whom we esteem as much, and sincerely think that they deserve

deserve as well, as any Men whatever, and better than the greater part of Men in *England* do. We wish therefore very heartily that the Number of such may increase, and that *Trade* may flourish for the Good and Honour of your *Families*, and Safety of the *Kingdom*, and not for the Encouragement of Pride, Luxury, Vice, Debauchery, and *Blasphemy*.

Likewise O all ye *Country-Tradesmen* and *Shopkeepers*, if ye can kick the *Pack-men* into their own Country, be thankful; live in the *Fear* of God and serve him; be sober and diligent; mind your *Shops* and *Book-keeping*; and moderate your *Expences* according to your honest and lawful *Gains*. And then thank me *Andrew* and my Cous. *Sim*.

And as I hope you have seen your *Errors* and will amend, I will speak for you again by and by, when your *turn* comes.

Once more as to honest *Sim's Linnen*. He sends me word that he has eight *Hempen-Shirts* which he wears in the *Winter*; and that they have lasted him these *seven Winters* past; and he thinks that they will serve him *two*, if not *three* more; and that he has *bonâ fide* worn them every *Winter* constantly.

Now I really think, (to speak my Mind freely,) that as *Sim* covers his *Body* with *Hemp*, there are many both in *Church* and *State*, and in and about this our great *Town* who ought to wear it, if it were only by way of *Neckcloth*, or a *long Cravat*, in order *Literam longam facere*. Which I leave to *Arian Whiston*, *Demoniac Woolston*, *Jack pudding Henley*, old Hag-ridden *Tindal*, and Independent-Whig *Gordon* to *translate*.

And now I talk of *translating*, it puts me in mind of *Tom Gordon's Tacitus*. This true *Scot*, in his *Independent Whig*, pag. 263. has taken upon

him to be very witty (tho he is only *scurrilous*, *abusive*, and *stupid*) on the whole Body of the Clergy, as to their *Dress*, *Persons*, *Chins* and *Features*, *Gates* or *manner of Goings*, *Qualifications in Learning*, &c. (as *Cous. Sim.* has observ'd;)—and he says, pag. 266. *Independent Whig*—That he has had a sort of *ill-natur'd Pleasure*, like *Villers Duke of Buckingham*, (whose *Name* and *Title*, by the by, belongs now to a *Clergyman*, (as I am told;) namely, to *George Villers*, *Vicar of Chalgrove, Oxfordshire*;) in forming *Imaginations of the University-Governors*, and some others of their *Betters* (whom, I suppose, by his modest *Mumping* he means the *B——ps*) walking out of their *Habits*, in lac'd *Coats*, *Hats* and *Feathers*, *Sword-knots*, &c. from *Temple-Bar* to *Westminster*.

(6) Behold the
Posterity of this
Priest-mocking
Duke dwindled
into a country
vicar!

As to his *ill-natur'd Pleasure*——'Tis the only Pleasure he delights in; and who can expect any good Nature in such an *abandon'd*, such an *all-over deform'd* Wretch? And no sooner, do ye see, has a *lousy*, *itchy*, *hircanian* Scot been fill'd with our *Bread*, but he must immediately be acting like an *English Duke*, with a *Pox* to him! His *Chimera* also itself is very *unnatural*; i. e. it is not *likely*; it is *strange*.

But I will with a great deal of good Nature and good Humour, and very naturally suppose, because it has been put in *practice*:——And it is so very *natural*, that I have form'd a very lively *Imagination* at this *very instant* of writing— and is thus— That I now see this mighty *North-Country Hero*, *Tom Gordon*, with *Tacitus* plac'd before him on his very ingeniously-contriv'd *Desk*, and *Mr. Saville's* and all the former *Translations* of him, surrounding him on the *right* and *left*!——Then I fancy I see him most *ceremoniously* looking this way, then that, at the *Translations*—— then poking out his *Neck*, and straining his *optic Nerves* towards the

the *Original* ! Then, he appears to sit down and to fall a scribbling as fast as his Fingers can gallop ; for the *Itch* many times, when it has been at a due *Scotch pitch*, leaves a *Swelling* and a *Knottiness* behind, like the *Gout*, which is the *eldest Son* of a very high and raging *Scurvy*.

Presently, methinks, I see him gravel'd and puzzled at some difficult place ; then up go his Fingers most *superlatively* naturally to his *Noddle*, where his *Primitive* Companions us'd to *infest*, lay their *Spawn*, bite, and feed on his poor *Carrion*.

And now, I persuade myself, that I see him *staring* and *list'ning*, and, according to his usual *Grimace*, pricking up his *left Ear*, and turning it over his *left Shoulder*, and hearkning to the secret *Whispers* and *Suggestions* of his *old Friend* and *Prompter*, who assisted him in compiling and forging his *Independent-Whig*.—And now I imagine him to go on again with *Whip* and *Spur* as if the *Devil* drove him.

Let the Reader now judge whether my *Imagination* is not as *natural* and diverting as *Tom's*.

I will also imagine that I see *Tom Gordon* strutting on the *Mountains* in his *native Dress* of *Bonnet*, *Plaid*, and *Bag-pipes*. And then we may compare the difference of this *Highlandarian Morrice-Dancer*, and this *Translator* of *Tacitus* ; and their different *Gestures* and *Postures* on the *Hills*, and *Ceremonies* before the curious *Translating-Desk*.

I will again please myself in very *naturally* thinking that I see this same *Tom Gordon* unsheathed of his *Native-Country-Robes*, and vaunting from *Temple-Bar* to *Westminster* in a *Hat* and *Feather*, laced *Clothes*, and a *Sword-knot*, which he might very *easily* purchase, and his *Pride* and *Vanity* very *naturally* prompt him to do, (for *set a Beggar on Horse-back*, and he will ride——;) out of the *Treasure* (enough to buy *Mountains* in *Scotland*)

●left

left him by that old No-Church Dr. *Clysterpipe Walsh*; and which he found hid in vast Sums of Gold in the Chimney of his *Labarotory* and other places.

All this is very *natural* to imagine; as it is also to fancy that he still uses the *Scotch-amble* notwithstanding. And therefore I must again *indulge* my Fancy, and *imagine* that this very same *Tom Gordon* is descended from *Pack-Carrying* Ancestors, if he himself did not use the same *Occupation*.

Moreover, I *please* myself in the *Thoughts* that I have found out *another* Reason, besides that mention'd in my *Dedication*, of his *Title of Independent* which he has joyn'd to *Whig*, and in which he so much *boasts*, banters, swaggers, and triumphs, and which has had so many *Admirers*:—And it is this—that, being bred up in *Slavery* and *Dependency*, and having been always ready to march with *Sword* and *Buckler* and *Target* at the *Twanck* and *Twanck-Twivey* of the *Horn* of the Lord of the *Gorgonian* Clans, he now *exults* and and vapours that he has thrown off the *Yoke*, and is set at *large* to range as he pleases, and is become altogether *Lairdly*, and *Independent* on *Man* as well as *God*, and a *true Protestant*, like the *Doctor* his great Friend, *i. e.* one who protests against all *Religion*; for that is my *Definition* of a modern *true Protestant*. But he may thank his Master *Walsh* for writing his *Manumission* in his last *Will* and *Testament*.

Do not thou, O *Gordon*, or thy *Friends*, with any Front presume to *upbraid* me with *Ungentleman-like* Words and Behaviour, in calling either *thee*, in my *Dedication* and elsewhere, or thy *Countrymen* Rogues, Rascals, Scoundrels, *Villains* and the like; or of *unfair* Dealing in taking the like *Liberties* of *Fancy*, *Imagination*, and *Expression* with thyself. See how plentifully thou gluttest thy

thy *Paunch* with these choice *Sweet-meats* thro'out thy *whole Book*. And particularly how thou loadest the *whole Christian Priesthood* indiscriminately with *Deceit*, *Roguery*, *Ignorance*, *Folly* and *Stupidity*, (pag. 250. *Independent Whig*.) How *easy* is it to call *Rogue* and *Rascal*, *Fool* and *Dunce*, and give all manner of ill *Language*? And how familiar is it to *return* it with *worse*, which thou most richly *deservest*?

I must needs tell thee, that if I cou'd not employ my time *better*, and had nothing else to do but to *rake* into thy nasty *Fakes* and *Dunghil*, I cou'd *retort* and recriminate all thy *Filth* and *Offensiveness* either on thy *own*, or on the *Heads* of others, whom I take to have had a *Hand* in the *odious Work*, with the greatest *Justice*, *Evidence*, and *Congruity* in the *World*.

I will also tell thee, that the *worst* of *Priests*, especially of *Christian Priests*, whether reform'd or unreform'd, are far *better* than thyself; in that their *Office* and *Function* are honourable and necessary, and they may do *some Good*; whereas thou art neither honourable, nor hast *done Good*, but a vast deal of *Mischief*, in throwing about and spreading thy *Crow-Figs* and *Arsenic* to intoxicate and poison *Mankind*; and therefore art a most *dangerous* Creature, and consequently *unfit*, *useless*, and *unnecessary* to human *Society*.

One may easily perceive what thou art, from an *instance* thou givest of thyself, with relation to that *Fat Doctor*, that *Reverend ill-tongu'd Parson*, (can any body exceed thyself?) as thou callest him, pag. 215. *Independent Whig*. (edit. 34)

Where it is plain, that *thou* (like the *old Serpent*) didst insinuate thyself under the *Mask* of *Friendship* into the *unwary*, the no evil-suspecting *Gentleman's Company*.

Then

Then thou didst *wheedle* him to the *Baptist's-Head*, (read the History of that Saint who suffer'd for Righteousness-sake, in declaring and preaching of God's Law;) and disguising thy *villanous* Intentions (most *uneasily* for a while under the borrow'd Cloke of *Humility*) didst hold the *Bottle* to his *Nose* till he was *fuddled*; which I do not *wonder* at, it being administer'd by thy *conjuring* Hand.

And then thou didst *thwart* and provoke him to speak *indecent* things, when he knew not *what* he spake. And hast *expos'd* him for all this in *Print*.

Can any thing shew more *Falshood* and Treachery? Did ever a *true Scot* shine more *glaringly*? Cou'd any thing be more *insnaring*? Was't thou not in *this* not only a *Partaker*, but the whole *Contriver*, and Promoter, and Provoker of all this *Sin*, Folly, and Wickedness? What cou'd be more *Satanical*? And therefore didst not thou altogether imitate the *Devil*, thy infernal *Father* herein, who first seeks to *tempt*, intice, allure, and draw Men into *Sin*, and then is the first to *punish*, to destroy, to expose, and torment them for it?

Even *this ill-tongu'd Parson* then appears much *better* than *thee*. And *Charity* obliges me to think that there are many among the *Papists* themselves, who are *great*, learned, and good Men, as much as *Toleration* permits thee most unmannerly to *abuse* them. Their *Superstition* is much more pitiable than thy *Atheism*; and consequently more *ardonable*.

And tho thou wouldst seem to *expose* that *unguarded Gentleman* (whoever he were) upon the account of *Party*, with which the *whole Kingdom* was then *mad*, *stark staring mad*, and every where *divided* most unhappily; yet I must tell thee, that
Men

Men are coming to their *Senses* again, and begin to *consider* things more *wisely*.

Again, thy Quotation (*Independent Whig*, pag. 267.) from *Rabelais*, setting forth the *Household Priest* (and in him all others) to be good for nothing, like the *Monkey*, because he does not plough like the *Ox*, carry Burdens like the *Horse*, &c. is *unfair*, and very foully and ill-apply'd.

Thy *Passage* is taken from pag. 180. of *Rabelais*, where he is carrying on his *Banter*, and exposing the *Sloth*, *Luxury*, and *Idleness* of the *Monks* and other such *Regulars* of his Church, and those alone; as he tells us in the next Paragraph, where he says—*After the same manner a Monk (I mean those lither, idle, lazy Monks;)—(Whence his Exception of good Monks may be infer'd;) doth not labour and work, as do the Peasant and Artificer, &c.—Neither doth preach nor teach as do the Evangelical Doctors and Schoolmasters.* (*Rabel. pag. the same, ut supra.*)

But thou like a base *Calumniator*, and a slanderous *Rascal* hast thrown the *Dirt* of ill Language so thick, that some may stick on those who do not deserve any, and hast indiscriminately abus'd the whole *Christian Priesthood*, excepting *Whiston*, *Clark*, and *H—y*. For whom, I dare say, that thou hast no respect as they are, or were *Clergymen*, or *Christian Priests*.

I must inform my Readers that this *Rabelais* was a *French Doctor of Physick*, (such another perhaps as old *Walsh*) and wrote a Book of *Banter* against *Monks*, &c. and they who have a Taste for *French-Dishes* and *Cookery*, may fancy his *Wit*, *Ingenuity* and *Drollery*.

I have said enough at present, and have indulg'd my *Imagination* with a great deal of very good-natur'd Pleasure, because it is all very *Natural*. And I beg of the *Tradesmen*, and other of

my *Friends* in *Town* to observe this *Tom Gordon's Gate*, and to see if he goes *side-ways* in at a *Door*, which is a most sure Sign of a *Pack-Ambler*. So I will let him rest upon his *Ell* or *Yard*, which I imagine that he has had *new-shod* at the last Shop he pass'd by for that Business, and I will have another *Stroke* at him by and by, when he has recover'd his *Breath* a little ; as I have had at the *Demon* late of *Stockton* (his *earthly* good Lord and Master) in my *Dedication* : And shall leave him with this *Scrap*, in humble imitation of that which he produces out of the *learned Language*, *Independent Whig* p. 266. to *chew the Cud* on—— *Merus Scotus est Merus Fur, Merus Falsus, Merus Brutus, Merus Equus Clitellarius, Merus Ignoramus*. Are not these true *Characteristics*, *Tom* ? Have I not *prov'd* them to be so, *Gordon* ? If I have not, I will.

And so much for my *Cous. Sim's* *Linen-Drapery*, and my *Drapery-Goods*, which I have expos'd to publick *View*, and offer'd for the publick *Good*——for *Sim's Dress*, and the *Dressings* I have freely *bestow'd* on others. All which I hope will *wear well*, and do good and lasting *Service*. Proceed I next,

To his manner of *Life*.

My *Cous. Sim*, according to a nice *Calculation*, finds that he has near two hundred a Year *neat Cash* ; for he finds by woful *Experience*, that *Taxes* and necessary *Repairs* take away at least one *third* of his *Substance*. When more than *ordinary Repairs* happen, and the *Tax* is at four *Shillings* in the *Pound*, that it takes away *two thirds* at least of his *Substance*. And 'tis a wonder how he does to *maintain* his *Family*, and *live* in such *Repute* for *Charity* and *Hospitality* as I hear he does. He is a very good *Æconomist*, which he is forc'd daily to *study* how to be ; and you have had

had a *Specimen* of it in the good *Husbandry* and *Management* of his *Clothes* both woollen and linen. He has been yet a *Saver* thro' the kind *Assistance* of his *own* and his *Wife's* *Relations*; and I hope he will continue *such*; if not, his *Batchelor-Relations* will hold him up by the *Chin*, to keep him from *Sinking*; esteeming it a great pity that an honest *careful* Man shou'd come to *Poverty*, merely by a great Family, and publick *Misfortunes*.

Sim goes to Bed at *nine* in the *Winter* and *ten* in the *Summer*; and rises at *seven* in the one, and *six* in the other; abhorring our scandalous *Town-way* of turning *Day* into *Night*, and *Night* into *Day*. This, he says, is *unnatural*, and he is sure that nothing which is unnatural can be *good*; that it is an *Affront* to the *Design* and *Distinction* of *Day* and *Night*, which, with all things, were wisely made by our *Almighty Creator*. And therefore he attributes a great many of our *publick* Vices and *Misfortunes* to this *very* thing; and says, that the works of *Darkness* must needs be carried on in the *Night*,—such as *Drinking*, *Revelling*, *Whoring*, *Gaming*, *Street-robbing*, *Pilfering*, and *Murdering*. Not forgetting the *Tax* in *Candles*, burning Men out of *House* and *home*. To this in short, (he says, and I am of the same opinion,) is owing the *ruin* of many of our *Tradesmen*; and in the long run of many of our *Nobility* and *Gentry* too. Let us then cast away the *Works* of *Darkness* and of the *Night*, and let us put on the *Armour* of the *Day* and the *Light*.

After *Sim* is up, he *washes*, &c. goes into his *Closet*, and then takes a turn among his *Servants* and *Workmen*, gives the necessary *Orders* for the *Day*, and comes in and *reads* till his *wife* calls him to *Breakfast*, and then he drinks *two* *Dishes* of *Tea* and no more. Afterwards he takes a round amongst his *Workmen*, and comes in and *reads* till

Dinner; which is always one good *plain Dish*, roasted or boiled, with a *Pudding* oftentimes, not of the rich *Rundellian* sort, and is always ready exactly at half an hour past *twelve*. He seldom drinks any thing at Meals but good *Table-Beer* of four strike in the *Hogshead*; or *between Meals*, unless he has Company; and then no more than to *exhilerate* a little, and to *oil* the *Tongue* that it may talk a little *merrily* and *innocently*.

After *dinner* he generally plays and *diverts* himself with his *Children* for an hour; then settles his Men to *work* again, who in that time have *din'd* and *refresh'd* themselves; and afterwards, according as he rose in the *Morning* (for upon *extraordinary* Occasions he rises very *early*) he sometimes, not always, takes a *Nap* for half an Hour; then he walks in his *Garden* as long; and afterwards *reads* till the *Evening*, when he visits his *Workmen* again to view their *day's Work*.

In the *Winter-Evenings* he reads till *seven*; then sups on a piece of *Bread* and *Cheese* and a Cup of *Table-Beer*, and sometimes on a Dish of *Milk-Pottage*. Then *diverts* himself again with his *Children* till *nine*. Then calls his Family to *Prayers*; then to *Bed*, &c. This is honest *Sim's* honest way of *Living* in the general.

He attends the *Church-Prayers* on *Wednesdays*, *Fridays*, and *Holy-days* thro'out the Year; thinking it a very great *Scandal* on many of our *Gentry* of all sorts, who have so much *leisure time*, and yet will not attend *Divine Service*. But above all on *Sundays* or the *Lord's Days* (in Memory of our Blessed Saviour's *Resurrection*, and in that of the *Renovation* of all things; and which takes place of the *Jewish Sabbath* appointed by *Almighty God*, in Memory of his *Rest* (spoken to our *Capacities*) from his first *Creation*, which was *destroy'd* by the *Sin* and *Disobedience* of Man) my
Cous.

Cous. *Sim* makes all his *Family* attend him, and never omits *Morning* or *Evening-Service*. He thinks it one of the crying Sins of the *Nation*, that *God's Sabbaths* are so shamefully, impudently, and publicly polluted, both by our *Gentry's* either lying at *Home* wallowing in *Idleness* or *Luxury*, or *Travelling*, or in idle *Visits*, or in *Gaming*. He does not wonder at the great *Misfortunes* and *Plagues* which attend the *Great* ones, who are guilty of such *daring*, such defying Practices.

Sim is in love with the Character of a very Noble Lord, who lately retir'd from a very great *Post* and *Trust*; who when he was in the *Country* (and questions not but that he does now the same, and perhaps may be one Reason, among many other *Religious* ones, for his *Retirement*,) always went to *Church* at the Head of his *Children*, *Tenants*, and *Servants*. Can any body think that he is, or will be the worse for it?—*Sim* likes him the more, because he is as *Tall*, or *Taller* than himself; and because he has had fourteen *Children* by his *Lady*. *Sim* *Ironishend*.

It is said truly—*What signifies it to hear a prating Parson talk Nonsense?*—*Every Man may serve God as he pleases*—*The Mind and Heart is all.*

As to the first—I allow indeed that many of our *Gentry* do not want *Instruction*; and in some things may inform some *Parsons*. But to whom is their *Knowledge due*? Is it not in the general due to the *Parsons*, in their *Education* of them from their *Youth*, their *Writings*, *Sermons*, *Conversation*, &c?

But tho most (as it may be reasonably presum'd, for the *Reasons* just mentioned) may know their *Duties to God*, their *King*, their *Neighbours*, and *themselves*, yet, as is too visible, they are deficient in *Practice*; and would be wholly so, were they not

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 Cous.

Cous. *Sim* makes all his *Family* attend him, and never omits *Morning* or *Evening-Service*. He thinks it one of the crying Sins of the *Nation*, that *God's Sabbaths* are so shamefully, impudently, and publickly polluted, both by our *Gentry's* either lying at *Home* wallowing in *Idleness* or *Luxury*, or *Travelling*, or in idle *Visits*, or in *Gaming*. He does not wonder at the great *Misfortunes* and *Plagues* which attend the *Great* ones, who are guilty of such *daring*, such defying Practices.

Sim is in love with the Character of a very Noble Lord, who lately retir'd from a very great *Post* and *Trust*; who when he was in the *Country* (and questions not but that he does now the same, and perhaps may be one Reason, among many other *Religious* ones, for his *Retirement*,) always went to *Church* at the Head of his *Children*, *Tenants*, and *Servants*. Can any body think that he is, or will be the worse for it?—*Sim* likes him the more, because he is as *Tall*, or *Taller* than himself; and because he has had fourteen Children by his Lady.

It is said truly—*What signifies it to hear a prating Parson talk Nonsense?*—Every Man may serve God as he pleases—The Mind and Heart is all.

As to the first—I allow indeed that many of our *Gentry* do not want *Instruction*; and in some things may inform some *Parsons*. But to whom is their Knowledge due? Is it not in the general due to the *Parsons*, in their *Education* of them from their Youth, their *Writings*, *Sermons*, *Conversation*, &c?

But tho most (as it may be reasonably presum'd, for the Reasons just mentioned) may know their Duties to God, their King, their Neighbours, and themselves, yet, as is too visible, they are deficient in Practice; and would be wholly so, were they
not

not often put in *mind*. Like as in the Story of *Dionysius* the Tyrant and *Damocles* his Flatterer, the best have need to have the *Sword hung over their Heads only by a Horse-hair*, to put them in mind of their *Frailty and Mortality*. *Memento, Memento*, is too often in *vain pronounced*.

But is there *no body* in a Congregation who wants to be *instructed*? and must *Instruction* be left off, because some do not want any? It is well if these *fanciful Men* of their own *Abilities* do not want it, after all their *Boastings* of their *Sufficiency*; and also, if the *Gentlemen*, (instead of the *Clergy*, so much hooted at and condemn'd,) are not now for *Hood-winking* the People, that so they may ride on, and flay both the *Clergy* and *People*.

I pray, *Gentlemen*, what *Nonsense* is it that ye hear?

I never heard a *Sermon*, as I can remember, but what either recommended *Virtue*, or declaim'd against *Vice*; — but what *explain'd*, enforc'd, and recommended the *Holy Scriptures* to our *Study and Practice*, by Arguments most cogent, powerful, and *unanswerable*.

Are the *Scriptures* *Nonsense*? Is God's *Decalogue*, deliver'd in that solemn manner, with *Thundrings* and *Lightnings*, with mighty *Signs and Wonders on Mount Sinai*, *Nonsense*? Is our *Saviour's* *Renewal, Revival, and Explanation* of it in his most *Divine Sermon* on the *Mount*, *Nonsense*? Is the *History* of his wonderful *Birth, Life, Humane and Divine Natures, Doctrine, Miracles, Sufferings, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, Satisfaction, Intercession, Mission of the Holy Spirit*, and coming to raise our *Bodies*, and finally to reward or punish, *Nonsense*? These are the *Doctrines* of the *Clergy*, and this their *Nonsense*!

I know very well that *every* Clergyman's *Abilities* to handle these great Points are not *equally* the same. And indeed *who* (almost) is *sufficient* for *this*? But if every Clergyman does his *best*, he ought to be *respected*. And there is none who *reads*, but (by the help of so many learned, great, and glorious *Fore-runners*) may both inform *himself*, and instruct *others*. And if a Clergyman (diffident of his *own* Performances) instructs his People from the *better* (as he thinks) Performances of *others*, why shou'd any Hearer *ridicule* him for it?

But *who* tells our *Gentry* that these great *Truths* of *Christianity*, these *Truths*, by the *Belief* and *Practice* of which we can *alone* expect, not only *Eternal* Salvation, but even solid *Temporal* Ease and Happiness, are Nonsense? Why a blear-ey'd Diabolical *Woolston*, that *true Child of Hell*, that *daring Apostate and Blasphemer*: an Infidel *Collins*, a vain Reasoning *Tindal* or *Chub*, an Independent-Whig *Gordon*, an Arian *Whiston*; Socinians, Atheists, and Anti-Scripturists.

But *every Man* may serve God as he *pleases*; say our *Moderns*.

It is well if those, who say so, serve God *any* way; either in *worshipping* publickly or privately, or in *keeping* or paying respect to any of his *Laws*.

The *Practices* of such generally shew what *Fear* they retain in their Hearts of the Majesty, Power, and Providence of God, the Creator and Governour of the World.

And I *deny* that Men are at Liberty to serve God as they please, any more than they are at Liberty to *keep* any other of God's Commands as they please. Publick Worship is the *Command* of God; the *Observation* of one *Day* in seven for it, is the *Command* of God. And where the *Command* of *God* is, we are not at Liberty to *dispute*.

God is,

Publick

Publick Worship is a Principle impress'd on the Soul of Man, that *Image*, that *Ray* of the *Divinity* within us. The *Voice* and *Practice* of all Nations loudly proclaim it. *Serve the Lord with Fear.* — *O be Joyful* (if your Consciences are pure) *all ye Nations!* *Serve the Lord, O ye British Inhabitants,* with *Thanksgiving* for his wonderful *Mercies* to us, — and come before his *Presence* with a *Song of Praise*, with *Hallelujahs*, for his unspeakable *Compassion* to the *Sons of Men*, most signally manifested in sending the *Blessed Jesus* to visit us, to heal, to instruct, and in short to save us, if we desire to be saved.

Let the whole Earth stand in awe of him, and let all wicked *Gainsayers* keep silence before him!

In short, Gentlemen, are you *Creatures*, or are you not?

If ye are, then live as *Creatures*, act as *Creatures*, and carry yourselves as becometh *Creatures* towards your *Creator*.

If ye are not, then stand on your *Feet* as long as ye can; beat off *Time* and *Death*; destroy *Eternity*; dethrone *Almighty God*; meet *Jesus Christ* on his *Throne of Judgment*, and throw the *Mountains* and *Hills* in his Face; settle an everlasting *sensual Paradise* on Earth; kill the old *Dragon*; and quench the *Flames* of *Hell*!

If ye are not able to do these things, and ye must dye, then see if ye can take your *Viper-soupes*, your *Snail-Ragones*, your *Chinese Birdsnests*, and other of your loathsome *Food*, — your dear bought *Frontiniac*, *Burgundy*, and *Champaigne*, & *Arrack-Punch*, — your gilded *Coaches* and *Six*, your lac'd *Apparel*, your *Race-Horses*, your *Fox-Hounds*, your *Fowling-Pieces*, your *Spanish Pointers*, your *Game-Acts*, the *Spoils* of your Country, your *Cards*, your *Dice*, and your *Whores* with you. The last

last indeed may be your Concomitants and *Fellow-Travellers*: But what will ye do for *Bodies* to make use of them? ye see that the *Worms* will devour them. *Ay truly,* that will be a *Fault*; and a *great* one too; and such as ye cannot with all your tricking *Policy* avoid or remedy!

In fine, to suppose a Creature to be *Sui Juris*, to live and act as he pleases, and to be Independent, is absurd, ridiculous, and contradictory in itself, and never enter'd into any Man's Head to conceive, till Tom Gordon with his *Atheistical Drollery* vented it in his *Independent Whig*, and in an *Age* sunk and drowned in *Wickedness*, Folly, and Debauchery, and ready, fit, and greedy to embrace any thing either absurd or monstrous.

But pray, Gentlemen, don't be buffoon'd out of your Religion, your present and future Happiness, or your Senses, by this or any other lascivious Mountain-Goat. What, you that love Opera's, will ye follow the Mountain-Horn? I will ask this Tom Tinder-box, as much an Enemy as he is to Ceremonies — Why may not the People of England, the free-born, well-dispos'd, well-bred English, be ready to attend the Publick Worship of their Maker, Preserver, and Saviour, at the Toll of a Bell, as he and his, and other Clans were to come at the Whistle, the Twanck, or Fife of a High or a Low-land Lord? Why may not the People of England be as ready to join in their Maker's Praise with a good Organ, as the Highlanders are to follow their rebellious Lords with squeaking Bag-pipes, to have their Brains knock'd out from Musquet or Carbine, or, split down with Dragoonical Sword, or to be taken, imprison'd and hang'd?

Sim once on a Fifth of November or a Thirtieth of January (he has forgot which of the Days it
F. was)

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was) was walking in the *Church-yard* whilst the *Sermon-Bell* was Ringing, and there came a very honest and ingenious *French Refugee*, who liv'd in a *worthy Family* in the *Parish*, to be ready for *Divine Service*; and as *Sim* and *He* were walking together, and talking of the Subject of the *Day*, they heard a great cry of *Beagles*, and as they in a *Surprize* turn'd about to look, they observ'd a *Pack of Dogs*, and a neighbouring *Country-Esquire* after them, and a large *Congregation* of his *Companions* following him within the space of three or four *Inclosures*. Says *Sim* —— “ Why how now
 “ *Mounseur*! Is not this fine *Musick*, and very
 “ proper for this *Day*? What think you of our
 “ *English Gentry*? ” —— “ Why, really says
 “ *Mounseur*, I am *Astonish'd*! I left *France*, my
 “ native Country, for *Conscience-sake*, because I
 “ cou'd not comply with the *Corruptions* of that
 “ Church. But let me tell you, *Mr. Scriblerus*,
 “ I have seen so much *Contempt* of *Divine Things*,
 “ so much *Atheism*, and *Brutality* towards pure
 “ *Religion* here *Establish'd*, since I came into *Eng-*
 “ *land*, as has been as *offensive* to me as the
 “ greatest *superstition* I ever did see in *mine own*
 “ *Country*. However, *Blessed be God*, that *such as*
 “ you and I can *serve* him, and dare *own* him.”

But farthermore —— *The Mind and Heart is all in Religion*; say our *modish Gentlemen*.

Which I deny. 'Tis the *first* and chief Principle, but not the *Whole*. A good *Work*, 'tis true, if it do not proceed from a good *Principle*, and be not done with a good *Design*, with respect to *God*, and *Obedience* to his *Authority* —— On the other *Hand*, if it be done out of *Vanity* or *Vain-glory*, or to gratify any *Passion*, or out of any *sinister Views* —— becomes *Evil*, or at least of *no Value* or *Account*.

So likewise (if we can *suppose* it) if a Man has a sincere *Mind*, or good *Principles* in his *Heart*, and yet either *omits* or *transgresses* his *Duty*, shall such an *Omission* or *Transgression* be call'd *Good*?

'Tis *Nonsense*, in short, to think that a good *Mind* and *Heart* will not produce good *Works* and *Actions*; they cannot be *separated*: a good *Man*, out of the good *Treasure* of his *Heart* will bring forth good *Things*; and also an evil *Man* evil *Things*.

For a Man therefore to say that he *loves* and *fears* God in his *Heart*, and yet lives in a *Breach* of his *Laws*, and a *Contempt* or *Neglect* of his *Commands* and *Authority*, what is this but *Mockery* and *Irreligion*?

On the other side, a Man may attend the outward *Services* of Religion, and yet if he be guilty of secret *Sins*, his *Religion* is *vain*; it will not *avail* him, it will not *save* him.

But if he attend on the publick and private *Worship* of God, and live in his *Fear* and *Love*, and keep a *Conscience* void of *offence* towards God and Man; if he be *sober*, *humble*, *chast*, *just*, *charitable*, *meek*, *peaceable*, and *inoffensive*; will you call him an *Hypocrite* in these things because he goes to *Church*, or God's *publick Worship*? Because he *believes* in *Jesus Christ*, and *submits* to his *Laws* and *Institutions*? Because he *prays* in his *Family* and *Closet*?

Or if a Man be *intemperate*, *proud*, *lewd*, *unjust*, *uncharitable*, *self-conceited*, *tyrannical*, and *mischievous*; a *Defier* and *Blasphemer* of God and his *Saviour*; will you call him a *Religious* Man, or a *sincere* *Worshipper* of God in *Mind* and *Heart*, and not guilty of any *Sin*, when his only *Proof* of it is—Because he never goes to *Church* to worship God in *Publick*, or bends his *Knee*, or uses a *Prayer* in *Private*?

Divest your selves, *Gentlemen*, of your *Lusts*, *Passions*, and *Prejudices*; your *Injustices* and *Vices*; and then the *Parsons* of your *Parishes* will seem to talk *reasonably*. The *Fault* is not in the *good Seed* or the *good Sower* that the *Crop* fails; 'tis indeed only in your *wicked, stony, obstinate, and obdurate Hearts*.

Pray, *Gentlemen*, why do ye keep up your *Courts*? Why are ye so tenacious of, and so zealous for, your *Chief-rents*, *Herriots*, and other *Privileges*? Why do your *Attorneys* keep up so strictly the *Customs* of your *Manners* with all their *Formalities* and *Tricks*, which they observe in passing away a little *Copy-hold Estate*? And why do they *fine* and *amerce Delinquents* and *Absenters*?

No doubt but you'll say——To keep up your *Rights*, and to receive your *Dues*.

Is not then *the Earth the Lord's*? The *Earth* is the *Lord's*, and the *Fullness* thereof; *the round World* and *all they that dwell therein*. He is the *supreme Law-giver*; the *King of Kings*, and *Lord of Lords*. And he *will be so, tho ye be ever so impatient* under his *Government*; *tho ye rage ever so horribly* and *daringly* against him. What! must *God alone be affronted*, his *Authority disputed*, his *Laws violated*, and his *Rights invaded*? Let me tell you, the *Universe*, visible and invisible, is *God's Manor*. And our *Churches*, as well as the *Hearts of all good Christians*, are his *Temples*, and *Courts*; and the *Clergy* are his *Stewards*; his *Ministers and Stewards of the manifold Mysteries of his Grace, Power, Goodness, Mercy, Truth, and Justice*.

Gentlemen! If ye can get any thing by your *Non-attendance*, why do ye all flock up to *Town* and *Court*? why do ye leave your pleasant *Country seats* and fine *Estates*, and suffer your selves to

to be *cheated* and impos'd on by your *Stewards*, and your *Pockets* to be pick'd by *Fidlers*, Stage-Players, and sweet Singers? Why do ye croud the *Court*, and teaze and plague a good *King* and *Queen*, so that they cannot look after their own *Children* and *Family*, and eat their *Meals* in peace and quiet for your *buzzing* and noise about their Ears? I believe they woud *gratify* you all if they cou'd; but they cannot; there are not *Places* for you all. And as to *Pensions*, I really believe they are *forc'd* sometimes to give them against their *Wills*, tho they must needs *know* and think that such honest Fellows as my *Cous. Sim* heartily suffer for it.

Pray return home, *Gentlemen*, till the *Court* or *Government* send for you, or ye be fairly and honourably sent up by your *Country*, as in the days of *Old*. Look after your *Estates* and improve them by good Husbandry. Love your *Children*, keep to your *Wives*. Be *Hospitable* and Charitable. Do not be *devour'd* by *Dogs*, *Horses*, *Cocks*, &c. Act as good *Justices*, understand the *Laws* (if ye can) and give Judgment *Impartially*. Be not proud, tyrannical, or oppressive. Love your *Neighbours*. Drive away *Tale-bearers*, *Whisperers*, and *Sycophants*. Use your *Plenty* with *Moderation*. Set good *Examples*. Keep your *Tongues* from *Oaths*, *Curses*, *Scoffs*, and *Blasphemy*. Take not away the poor *Clergy's Tithes*; but be *kind* to them if they behave *well*, and do their *Duty*. However, go to *Church* constantly, which is doing your *Duty*, and giving an *Example* which is expected from *you*, as well as from *them*.

If ye will do *these* things, ye won't need *Place* or *Pension* either for yourselves or *Children*; and then ye may be *Loyal* upon a good bottom, from a true *Loyal Heart*, and not for the sake of a *Bribe*
of

of any sort : and then, and not till then may we expect to see our Country flourish.

But pray, Gentlemen, who tells you that the Mind in Religion is all ?

I'll warrant you, that it was Dr. Sincereity ! and tho amongst you, ye have shov'd him Pinnacle-high, I will venture to tell him in the name of God, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I sincerely believe that his Doctrine of Sincerity has done, and is likely to do more Hurt to the Souls of Men, than all his other Doctrines, Writings, or Behaviour will ever do Good.

Hence have we so many sincere Atheists, Deists, and Infidels ! Hence have we our sincere Woolstons, sincere Cut-Throats, sincere Street-Robbers, sincere Incendiaries, sincere Adulterers, sincere Drunkards, sincere Pick-Pockets, sincere Traytors and Rebels, sincere Rogues, sincere Hypocrites, Apostates, and Hereticks, and in short, sincere Devils !

As to those who play at Dice and Cards on Sundays, or the Christian Sabbaths, I hear that it is pleaded——What harm is it, if they give what they win to the Poor ?

So that Alms-giving (to make the best of it) is urg'd in excuse for Sabbath-breaking :——A Christian Duty is to compensate for a Violation of the divine Law. A pretty way of Obedience indeed ! Is there no other Method for Charity and Alms-giving ? Have ye nothing but your Winnings to spare ? I think that this at last is not your own Alms, but, in plain English, what, if not cheated and pick'd out of others Pockets, is at best but Alms shuffled and cut from others, for you to have the Honour of distributing. Must so great an Evil be committed for the Sake of so small a Good ? And is there not six Days for you to play for Alms for the Poor, if that be your Intention ? Or does the Christian Sabbath alone sanctify such Alms ?

Alms? Must ye be *Sacrilegious* to become *Charitable*? *Whosoever shall keep the whole Law of God in all other Respects, and yet offend in one Point after this manner, is Guilty of all.* And the Reason is evident—— Because the very same Principle which leads People to break any one Law of God after this manner, will lead them to break any other, when their *Humour*, their *Lust*, or *Passion* shall prompt them to it. *Therefore bring no more such vain Oblations! Such Incense, such Sacrifices are so far from being of a sweet Odour, Well-pleasing, and acceptable to God, that they are an Abomination unto him.*

A *Robber* on the *High-way*, or a *House-breaker* may as well say — God has commanded me to get my *Bread* by some *Calling* or *Work*; I will therefore travel on the *Roads* to take *Purses*; or I will break into *Houses* by the *Labour* of my *Hands*, or the *Sweat* of my *Brow*. Do ye think that under the *Pretence* of this *Command* of God for Men to labour for their *Livings*, they shall be excus'd for *Stealing*, and perhaps *Murdering*? Is there no honest way of getting *Bread*?

Or because God has implanted a *Desire* in all Men for *Women*, and has ordain'd *Matrimony* to satisfy that *Desire*, and so to propagate our *Species*; shall Men therefore under pretence of this their implanted *Desire*, break God's *Commandment*, and commit *Fornications*, *Rapes*, *Adultery*, *Incest* and *Sodomy*?

To me the *Cases* all seem pretty equally the same. And hereby, *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, you see what *Evil* may come in time of your ill-gaming *Examples* on the *Lord's Day*. It will teach others to break any other of God's *Commandments*, as may suit their *Humours* and wicked *Lusts*. And at last ye may let loose the *World* to plunder and destroy you. The *Commonalty*, nay the *Mobility* (as

(as ye call them) are daily *imitating* you in all Things.

One, and indeed a very great Complaint against King Charles the First, and Archbishop Laud, was, their *tolerating of Sports on Sundays*. Now if it were so great a *Fault* in them, and if for that, among other *Pretences*, they were sacrific'd to satisfy publick *Clamour*, Fury, and Violence, how are *Gaming*, *Dicing*, *Billiard-playing*, *Traveling*, *Idleness*, *Luxury*, *Drinking*, &c. become *Lawful* and *Innocent* in others now? Tho I have a vast Respect for the *Memory* of both these, and think that they were unlawfully *murder'd* by *Tyranny*, *Blood-thirstiness*, and *Usurpation*, I cannot on the other Hand be *partial*. I believe indeed that they did not *foresee* the ill Consequences which wou'd attend such a *License*, any more than (as I hope) many of you may hitherto have seen the fatal *Train* of your *Sunday's Gaming*. If it were *unlawful* then, it cannot be *lawful* now. For God's *Laws* are *immutable* and of eternal *Obligation*. And if you think there is no *harm* in it, why do ye seek to *palliate* and disguise the matter by such trivial *Pleas* and *Excuses*? And if ye will *hereafter* go on, ye must e'en take what *falls*.

Again it is said—*That ye may as well play at Cards on Sundays as talk and sit idle.*

But what *Necessity* is there for any of these *Things*? If ye wou'd avoid a smaller *Evil*, can't it be done without running into a *greater*? Can ye not talk seriously of good things once in a *Week*? or cannot ye bear to *read* good things? Is there nothing of that *sort* in *Print* which can *please*, *instruct*, or *entertain* you?

Is there nothing *Divine* to exercise your *Minds* and *Tongues* about, in a decent and becoming *manner*? Or is not the *Bible* able to *instruct* you?

I know indeed that too many, with prejudic'd *Minds*, and wicked Intentions, look into that holy *Book* only to pick *Faults* and *Objections*. Pray consider, Gentlemen, the *Distance*, and *Difference*, and various kinds of *Reckonings* of *Time*, *Place*, *Climate*, *Customs*, *Languages*, *Weights*, *Measures*, *Revolutions*, *Forms* of *Government*, *Genius's*, *Humours*, and *Manners* of *Men* and *Countries*, wherein and by whom those *Books* were written, from our own;—the *Figures*, &c. which run thro' them;—the *Use* of speaking in and alluding to *Hieroglyphics*, *Images*, *Carvings*, or *Pictures*;—and our *Ignorance* in the *Eastern Languages*, and the *Difference* of the *Antient* and *Modern*, and the like;—all which may account for some *seeming* *Absurdities* and *Difficulties*, till a *Key* can be found to *unlock* them; which, in the *Opinion* of some great and *learned Men*, will one time or other be *discover'd*, if for our *Abuse* of the sacred *Book* it be not *taken* from us.

In the mean time, is there nothing which can *instruct* you in it? Can ye not see your *Duties* fully discover'd in it in all *Respects*? Is not *God Almighty* and your *Saviour* therein, with all their *Works*, *Majesty*, and all their glorious *Attributes*, most clearly *reveal'd*, *manifested*, and *discover'd*? And cannot you pick your way to *Heaven* out of it? Is it not plainly *pointed* out to you? If ye will neither *see* it nor *walk* in it, I am *sorry* for you. Upon my word, *Gentlemen*, I am most *heartily* sorry for you.

If ye meet with the *Practice* of *Polygamy* in the *Old Testament*, remember that it is not for *Example*. *Men's Failings* may sometimes be recorded for *Warnings*, as well as their *Virtues* set forth for *Copies*. In the early *Ages* *God* might *wink* at or dispense with it for the *peopling* of the *World*, both before and after the *Flood*. But when he

gave his Law he forbid it: *And the Adulterer and the Adulterers were to be put to Death, under the Jewish Dispensation.* And in the Gospel ye will find it forbidden, with all Uncleanness of Heart and Mind as well as of Body.

And here I cannot but observe the *Gradation* of *Atheistical Principles*, as honest *Sim* has done that of *Heretical*.

I remember that at the *Beginning* of *Mischief*, all *natural* and *reveal'd* Religion was resolv'd into *Human*——The *Old* and *New Testament*——The *Being* of a God, a *Providencce*, and a future *State*——The *Incarnation*, *Divinity*, *Resurrection*, &c. of *Jesus Christ*——were all for human *Ends*, for human *Views*; they were only the human *Contrivances* of human *Governours* and *Politicians*, to keep human *Creatures* and this visible *World* in awe.

I wish to God we cou'd have kept even to these *human Ends* and *Designs* for *human Good*.

But alas! We are departed from these *wholsome* Human things, and from *Humanity* itself. We have most *inhumanly* destroy'd all *Distinction* between *Good* and *Evil*, and most cruelly wrangled away all *natural* and *reveal'd* Religion out of the human *World*, and turn'd every thing into *Inhuman*.

We see nothing but *inhuman* Principles and *unnatural* Practices; nothing, in short, but *Inhumanity*, *Barbarity*, and *Tyranny* growing, increasing and gaining Ground amongst us.

And what will the next *Change* from *Inhumanity* be? Can it be into any thing else but into *Devilishness* and *Diabolicality*? Till at last we sink into the eternal *Abyss* of *Darkness* and *Misery*!

And now, O all ye *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, who are *Despisers* and *Neglecters* of God's *Worship*
1
both

both *publick* and *private*, who are *Sabbath-breakers* and *Haters of Priests*, of all *sorts* and *sizes*, I must tell you that your *Saviour* is a *Priest* and an *Intercessor* for you at *God's Right-hand*. And unless you will receive him as a *King, Priest, and Prophet*, to rule over you, to atone for your *Sins*, and to teach you the *Will of God*;—If ye will not submit to the gentle, reasonable, and peaceful *Wand of his Mercy, Truth, and Goodness*, he will certainly bruise you with a *Rod of Iron*; he will break you in pieces like a *Potter's Vessel*; and you will be destroy'd in his *Presence*. For behold he cometh, he is daily approaching, with *Thousand Thousands of his Saints*, to execute *Vengeance* on all the *ungodly*. Even so *Lord Jesus*, in thy appointed time, Come, tho I am most unfit to appear in thy awful, thy glorious *Presence*. Amen.

To go on.—My Cous. Sim, as I have observ'd, sometimes visits great Men. But I assure you that it is not for the sake of their *Meat* or their *Drink*, tho he thanks them very gratefully for it. He's as well pleas'd to dine at Home on a Slice of fry'd *Beef* and *Turnips*, as on the finest Dish at *Pontac's*. But he thinks it his Duty to pay his *Respects* to his *Betters*, who are *Good* as well as *Great*, and from whom he acknowledges always to learn what is *valuable* and *informing*. In their Company he speaks but little, unless he be very intimate, and then with *Modesty* and *Submission* to his *Betters* and *Superiors*. He hates to hear *Pedants* bawling out the learned *Languages*, and priding themselves in their *Learning* in mix'd Companies. And from this virtue of a modest *Taciturnity*, some have ignorantly and maliciously call'd him a *Fool* and a *Blockhead*. In short, most *Gentlemen* of the *Neighbourhood* love him. And here he desires me in particular to make his *Acknowledgments* to a most Noble *Lord*

near him, who has *heap'd* almost innumerable Honours, Favours, and Kindnesses on him.

Sometimes many of the *Gentry* come to dine with *Sim*; then he invites his *Minister* to meet them. He never exceeds *two* Dishes—a *Rump* of *Beef* and a *Goose*, or a couple of *Chickens* or *Ducks*;—at another time he *rings* you a *Change*, and gives his *Guests* a *Gammon* of *Bacon* and *Fowls* boil'd, and a *Knightly* loin of *Beef* roasted:—with the Addition (if his *Company* be bigger than usual) of a *Giblet*, or other *Pye* and a *Pudding*:—His *Wife* having as good a *Hand* at them both as any *Woman* I know. His *Bacon* is better than any *Westphalia* I cou'd ever get here in *Town*; and he has promis'd to send me a *Gammon*, and desires me to invite honest *Tom Stackhouse*, *Moses Williams*, and some of his old *School-Fellows* and *Acquaintance*, which I *promise* to do.

His *Fowls* are as good as any from *Darking*. He treats his *Gentlemen* only with good fresh *Nappy-Ale* from eight to twelve *Strike* in the *Hogshead*, and with *Mantling bottled Beer* of fourteen *Strike* in the same. He is very *curious* in his *Malt-Liquor*, with which he treats his best *Guests*; and they say they had rather have it than *Wine*. Hardly a *Gentleman* of the *Neighbourhood* passes by his *Door* (he living in a great *Road*) without calling for some of his *Smiling-countenanc'd Drink*; and sometimes a *Council* or *Serjeant* on the *Circuit*, does him the *Honour*, and sometimes a *Member of Parliament* on his return *Home*, to call on him, and to take a *Bottle* of *Smoaker*, and to tell him the *Debates* of the *Sessions*.

He gets his own *Barley* for *Drink*, *Corn* for *Bread*, *Hay* and *Oats* for his *Horses*. He keeps two or three *Cows* for *Milk* and *Butter* for his *Children*, and now and then feeds and kills a *Beef* in his *Family*, as also some fat *Sheep*. He
rears

rears and feeds *Pigs* and *Poultry* of all Sorts. And his Wife gets up *Sheets*, *Table-cloths*, *Napkins*, *Towels*, and *Shirts* for his *Children*, and employs poor *Women* to *Spin*.

He keeps a *Cupboard* stor'd with *Buckles*, *Buttons* of all Sorts, *Gartering*, *Looping*, and large *Needle* for *Hats*, to supply his *Boys* (whom he dearly loves) *Wants* of that Sort; and he combs their *Heads*, and keeps them as clean as a *splendid Shilling*.

By *this* and the like good *Æconomy*, he gives a vast deal away both in *Charity* and *Hospitality*; and is generally very well *below'd*. He is very civil to all *Strangers*, and, living near the *Church*, often invites his *Neighbours*, who live a great way from it, and yet constantly *attend* it, to *Dinner*, and has generally two *Dishes* of *Meat* and a *Pudding* on a *Sunday*, with that *View*; and then lives on the *Fragments* on *Monday*. He is sorry that he cannot be more *Charitable* to the *Poor*; but, as he does according to his *Ability*, he hopes it will be *accepted*; and is very well *contented* tho he never was acquainted with the *Masters* of the *Mint*, *Sir Isaac Newton*, and *Mr. Conduit*, as some have been.

He loves *Gardening* and *Planting*, and has some of both sorts very pretty and useful, according to his *Estate*, and thro' his own and his *Ancestors* *Diligence* and *Care*. His *House* is low and well-fenc'd with *Trees*; and he often says, that he loves to lye snug under *Winds*, *Storms*, and *Hurricanes*, which arise either in the *natural*, *moral*, or *political* World; remembring—*Feriant Summos Fulmina Montes*.

He is sorry when he hears of such Numbers of *Acres* of good *arable* Land being turn'd into *Gardens*, *Gravel-walks* and *Plantations* of *Lime-trees*; and of so many *Acres* of good *Pasture* and
Meadow-

Meadowing thrown under *Water*. He has seen some himself (which he will not name for fear of giving *Offence*) and which, as he has been well inform'd, lye the Owners in *Three thousand Pounds* a Year to keep in *Repair*. And after all, he thinks that so much of a thing does but clog, and is wearisom. He told me once when I was visiting him (pointing to the *Place* as we were walking together) that he had got a little *Ground* out of an old *Pool*, from which he cou'd mow a Load of *Hay* for his *Horse* or *Cow*, which he thinks as beautiful as any *Carnation* the most curious *Florist* can produce.

As for my part, I think that the whole *Kingdom* is a *Garden* by the Labour and Industry of our honest and indefatigable Country People, who are daily improving and cultivating it. What can be a pleasanter *Sight* than to view the Earth cover'd with *Corn*? than to ride Miles thro' *Fields* of *Pease* and *Beans* in *Blossom*? In which we may perceive with *Wonder* and *Astonishment* the all-merciful and all-powerful *Providence* of God, thus most pleasantly approving, and most graciously blessing and crowning the Diligence of his *Creatures* with Increase and Success! What more beautiful than to see *Meads* bedeck'd and adorn'd with *Snow-drops*, *Daffadils*, *Primroses*, *Cowslips*, *Hair-bells*, *Hyacinths*, *Fox-gloves*, and other beautiful natural *Flowers* on the Banks of Natural *Serpentine-Rivers* and *Cascades*, which run thro' all Parts of the *Island*? What more fragrant than the *Wood-bines* and *Sweet-briars* wherewith our *Hedges* abound? What more glorious Sight than our *Hills* and fine *Pastures* stor'd with feeding *Oxen* and *Cattle*, milking *Cows*, innocent *Lambs* and *Sheep*? What more comely *Espalios* can be made than a good *Hedge-row* or natural *Grove*, thick with Majestic spreading *Oaks*? Or of good
A/b

Ash and *Elms* and other useful *Trees*? Or to see the *Country* when all sorts of *Fruit-Trees* are either in *Blossom* or laden with *Fruits*?

It has often vex'd *Sim*'s honest Heart to see and hear of Numbers of brave *Oaks* of ten Pound Value a-piece, cut down by *Parliamenters*, to be devour'd by mercenary, perfidious, unreasonable *Corporations*; or by others, to game and dice away: And it provokes him out of all patience, when he sees thriving young *Oaks* from two or under to five Pounds value per Tree cut down; one of which, as he is well inform'd, will serve a voracious *Crocodile* or *City-Alderman* but a Day.

To conclude this Point. As I remember, *Horace* in one of his *Satires* complains of this Vice of unreasonable Gardening and Drowning of good Land, and of Building so many great Palaces every where. But whatever he says, I say, that if our Nobility and Gentry go on at this unmerciful rate, and our People increase for a Century forward as they have done a Century backward, they may feel a Scarcity of Bread, Beef, and Mutton, and Necessity must force'em to plow and sow Corn where *Troy* now stands.

It is in Book 2^d ode 15th Jam pauca aratro jurent moles relinquunt &c.

And in short, this and other Extravagancies, and the greedy grasping, engrossing, and monopolizing all our Coin into a few Hands, carry no very favourable Aspects to our Constitution; but on the contrary may prove of as fatal Consequence to our's, as they did to the *Roman*: which, if I mistake not, were some of the Fore-runners of the Ruin of that famous Empire. God grant the same be not ugly Prognostics to us; for the same Causes generally produce the same Effects.

To proceed. Cous. *Sim* is no great Sportsman in any kind, but in the way of Generation, as you have heard. However, for a little Exercise he and the

the *Parson* keep a Brace of *Grey-hounds*; who, by the way, being *Sim's* next Neighbour, is a very great *Companion* of his; and they may perhaps kill three or four Brace of *Hares* in a Season. They take the *Hare* alternately, and generally invite one another to the Eating of it, with some few more of their Neighbours. And many times they give a *Hare* to an honest Neighbour who is not *qualify'd* to kill one; or to a *big-belly'd* Woman; or send me, *Andrew*, or some *Friend* here in *Town* now and then one.

And now I am talking of *Game*, I cannot but declare that I think it was a most barbarous and tyrannical *Proposal* made last Year, to disqualify all *Clergy* to kill *Game*, let their *Preferments* or temporal *Estates* be what they will; so that it is plain they were to have been disqualify'd merely for being *Clergymen*! *Sim* declares that he does not know a *Clergyman* a *Sportsman* in many *Miles* riding, except it be here and there one, like his own *Parson*, who courses with him 6 or 7 Days in a Season.

I really am of Opinion, that no *Freeholder* of *England* of twenty Pounds a year ought to be disqualify'd from fair *Sporting*. And shall *Freeholders*, who intrust *Gentlemen* with their *Liberties*, be betray'd, depriv'd, and strip'd of them by them? At this *Rate* where's the Benefit of *Parliaments*? *Sim* protests he will never give himself the trouble to ride a *Mile* to *Vote*.

The Rise of the *Game-Act* was pretended to hinder *Pochers* only from killing of *Game*. And very well it was to hinder idle Persons from destroying it, when they may maintain themselves and their Families better with honest *Labour*. Then it was to disqualify all under 100 *l.* per Ann. And now again, it has been proposed to make the

the Qualification *stricter*, and to cut off all the *Clergy*!

But I will tell the *World* that there are no greater *Pochers* than *Gentlemen*. Those who keep *Hounds*, I believe, kill from 40 to 100 *Brace* of *Hares* in a Season. Then they shoot themselves, and have *Game-Keepers*, or rather *Game-Destroyers*, who are always *after* it. Then they have their *Setting-Dogs*, *Nets*, *Guns*, and *Pointers* for the *Partridges*; and their *Tunnils*, tho they have made them *unlawful*; i. e. for every *body* but themselves.

This Year there is a great *Complaint* of the *Scarcity* of *Woodcocks*,; and very well there may: I believe there will be a greater *Reason* for it the next, and so on.

For as our *Gentlemen* are become such *Dabs* at shooting *Flying*, they so pounce down those innocent *long-beak'd* Birds, that 'tis generally believ'd they will destroy the *Species*; permitting few, very few to go Home to *breed*: and so in a little time we must take our leave of *Woodcock* with his natural *Sauce*. We must go on then as fast as we can, and *propagate* a new kind in our own *Country*; which seems to be *likely*. Pray, *Gentlemen*, from whence do *Woodcocks* come? what *Country* are they bred in?

Sim's Man once took out the *Greyhounds* on a *Holy-day* without his *Knowledge*, and happen'd to kill a *Hare*. A little *malicious*, upstart, illiterate Fellow, originally a *Taylor*, tho now advanc'd *Vitiis et Modis* to a *High-Constable*, and a *Justice's* *Clark* laid an *Information* against him. This put *Sim* upon looking into *Nelson* and other *Abridgments*, and to buy the last *Game-Acts*. And upon the *Up-shot* of the matter, he finds it as followeth, and which he sends forth for the *Information* of *Country Justices*, *Lawyers*, and *Huntsmen*, viz.

H

The

The *Hare* is adjudg'd to be the *Property* of the Person in whose *Ground* it was bred, nourish'd up, and fed: But no Man under 100 *l. per Ann.* is qualify'd to kill her. Very good! So then here's an honest *English* Freeholder of Ninety nine Pounds nineteen Shillings and eleven Pence three Farthings, of yearly Estate, has a *Hare* bred in, and fed with his *Corn*, *Clover*, and *Grass*:—or there's a good substantial Tenant who rents from ^{one to} two or three hundred Pounds a Year, who nourishes up and maintains some *Braces* of those pretty Creatures; but for what, and for whom? Why I'll assure you not for himself, but for the next *Hunting Esquire*, who must come with his Army of *Hounds*, and his Train of *Sycophants*, *Spungers*, and *Blood-suckers* at his *A—se*, and break the Farmer's *Hedges*, and ride over and tear up his *Ground*, and terrify his *Sheep* and *Cattle* to kill them!

What Stuff is this? A *Property* and no *Property*! my Right, but the *Esquire's* Sport and Profit and Property! *Child's* Pig, and *Father's* Bacon! Behold here the *Wisdom* of these *Laws*! There are so many *Acts* already about the *Game*, that not one in ten as pretend to it, know any thing of the matter; and yet we must have a *Game-Act* almost every *Sessions*. But Gentlemen may depend on it, that the more *Acts* there are, the fewer will be the *Hares*. Unless they put them on a *Level* with their *Fellow-Creatures*, and make it *Capital* for any to kill them besides themselves. Which perhaps may in time come to pass; for many value their *Dogs* beyond their poor *Neighbours*; and if *Dogs* are so precious in their *Estimation*, why may not *Hares* become so in the manner mentioned?

The manner also of putting these *Game-Acts* in Execution, is altogether as extraordinary—and is in short this—If an *Information* be laid against a *Servant*, *Son*, or *Relation* of a qualify'd Man (who cannot

cannot always be with them for a *Day's Sporting*, or to catch a *Hare* always himself) against whom either a *Justice* or a *Companion* of the *Justice* has any *Private* or *Party-Pique*, *Grudge*, or *Malice*, then immediately the *Five Pound Penalty* must be levied on such a one's *Son* or *Servant*. But if there are ever so many laid against the *Sons* or *Servants* of other qualify'd Men, who happen to be either in his *Worship's*, or his *Worship's Friends* good *Graces*, they shall be discharg'd, and his *Worship* will tell you that he has the *Power* to interpret the *Law* as it was meant, i. e. as he himself pleases.

Flagrant and various are the *Instances* of this kind! Is this *Justice*? Is this *Impartiality*? Where's *English Liberty*? Where's *British Freedom*?

But, *Gentlemen*, why are ye for making of *Foxes* to be *Game*? And for putting a *five Pound Penalty* for their *Security*? Indeed they have always been too much in *Game*; and some cunning *Foxes* may throw out these *Game-Bills* as *Barrels* to divert, amuse and please the *Porpuses* whilst themselves play *their Game*! What do ye think will become of the *Geese* and other *Poultry*, and of the *Sheep* and *Lambs* in the *Country*? What must we do for *Feathers* to stuff our *Beds*, *Wool* to make us *Clothes*, and *Mutton* and *Fowl* to employ our *Jaws*? Must the *Reynardian Crew* take all? How do you expect your *Rents*?

Why let Scoundrels, Country-Boobies lye on Straw! (for if the *Sheep* as well as the *Poultry* are destroy'd we can have neither *Flocks* nor *Feathers* to roost on) *Let them starve, and famish, and be d—mn'd, if they will!* And here, ye *Stewards*, go and seize for our *Rents!* for d—n it we will hunt the *Fox!*

I wish ye wou'd hunt down and destroy all the different *Species* of the same *Genus!*

But hark ye, O Gentlemen *Fox-Hunters* ! Hal-
lo— ! Hallo— ! Hallo— ! Here, — Here, —
Here ! A word with ye, if ye are not on the
full *Stretch*, and *Flying over Hedge, Ditch, and Pit* !
—My *Cous. Sim* desires you that ye will get some
good strong English *Stallions* of our antient *Breed*
if ye can, and order your *Grooms* to let your
Tenants and *Neighbours* bring their good broad
buttock'd strong *Mares* to be leap'd *Gratis* : for
amongst *Horse-Racers* and others, we have got
such a cursed *Breed* of *Spindle-shank'd*, fiery, and
startlish *Barbs* and *Turks*, that poor *Sim* who
rides *twenty Stone*, can't get a *Horse* but what
reels under him, and is in danger of *breaking his*
Bones, (which perhaps ye may think he deserves,
out of the abundance of your *Modish Religion*
and *Charity*) and can hardly get an *Horse* to
carry him ; and is forc'd to ride on a little strong
old *British Tit*, which he's almost *asham'd* to ride
tho he carries him *well*. This wou'd make a
little *Amends* for your *stocking* and supplying the
Country with *Cub-young Cub-Foxes* from *Lon-*
don.

Once more *Gentlemen* ! If ye want *Game*, why
don't ye send beyond the Seas for *Wolves*, (which
when our *Ancestors* had destroy'd, they thought
they had done a very good *Char.*) for *Bears*, and
for *wild Boars* ? If we don't mend our *Manners*
perhaps in *time* they may come in upon us to
our *Sorrow* ! And if ye don't send for them, I shall
judge that ye cannot *handle* the *Pike*, or throw
the *Javelin* ; and that ye have not manly *Cour-*
rage enough to take a *Wolf* by the *Tail* or *hind*
Legs, a *Bear* by the *Nose*, or a *wild Boar* by the
Tush. Whereas, ye may see, how boldly my
Cous. Sim and I *Andrew his Cousin* have attack'd
all these *Beasts of Prey* in our own *Country*.

To proceed. I will now *entertain* you with a short *Account* how *Cous. Sim* sometimes spends a *Winter-Evening*.

As he was bred a tolerable *School-Scholar* (for which he returns his *Master* thanks, who is now *Living*, and is still the *best* Master in the *Country*) and as he loves the *Church* and *Clergy*, and retains a little smattering in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues : — (and as he loves the *Church*, so likewise he does every *Officer* of it.) Therefore *Sim*, when his *Nappy* is right *fine* and good, sends for the *Parson*, the *Curate*, the *Clark*, the *Nobbler*, (*i. e.* a Man who carries a long white *Stick* in his hand, and is therefore a *Staff Officer*, to awaken the *sleepy*, and to drive out *Dogs*, during *Service-time*) the *Grave-Digger*, and the *Eight of the Clock Bell-ringer*. For ye must know that the *Parish* where *Sim* lives, is under as good a *Regimen* and as well manag'd as any *Country Parish* in *England*.

The *Parson* is a very honest *Gentleman*, a good *Liver*, and take him all the Year about, and on all the great *Festivals* of the *Church*, in short on all *doctrinal* and *practical* Points, he gives his *Congregation* intire Satisfaction ; and also in his *Delivery* which is *manly*, clear, *emphatic*, *judicious*, and *unaffected*. I will make no *Comparisons* ; for, *praised be God*, the *Kingdom* is thro'out well supply'd with good *Clergy* in all respects, as *Cous. Sim* observes in his *Whistoneutes*.[†] The *Parson* is also very good *Company*, and always innocently *Merry*. † pag. 24

The *Curate* is a well-deserving Man ; he teaches *Sim's* Children and many of other *Gentlemen* in the *Neighbourhood*, and is really a very *diligent* Man, and has taught *Sim's* Children to *tofs* and *cuff* about the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues very well. He is a wet *Smoaker* and a dry *Joker*, and good *Company*.

Company. Sometimes when the *Parson* and *Sim* are talking a point of *Divinity* eagerly, or of a *Classic* Author, or the *Etymology* of a Greek or Latin Word, the *Curate* will correct them : because he, being a great *Smoaker*, has time to *Demurr*. For *Sim* does not *snoak*, tho he tells *Whiston* he will *snoak* a Pipe with him when he hears of his *Repentance* ; which, I suppose, he only said to grace his *Banter* a little.

Sometimes when they are talking about *Whiston*, *Gordon*, *Tindal*, and *Woolston*, the *Parson* threatens to *undertake* them, and I believe, assisted *Sim* a little, and *push'd* him forward in his *Whistoneutes* : — the *Curate* says he will preach their Funeral Sermons *Gratis* : — the *Clark* says he will say an hearty *Amen* over them : — the *Nobler* threatens them with his *long Stick* : — The *Grave-Digger* wishes to have them in his *powdering Tub*, and says he will lay them as *deep* as he can that they may never *rise again* ; which the *cunning Rogue* wisely says wou'd be *happy* for them if he *cou'd* : — *Curfew* wishes his *Bell-rope* about their *Necks*, and then says he wou'd ring a long *Funeral-Knell* for them for nothing.

Sometimes they propose a Game at *Whisk* at which they are very good ; (for *Sim* hates *Quadrille*, because it is part of the *new Religion* of the *Kingdom* ;) and then they *cast* in all the *Company*.

The *Clark* as to his *Smoak* and his *Joke* does not come much behind the *Curate*, tho the *Clark* *salivates* more. He's a very *pleasant* Fellow, and of good natural *Sense* (as indeed they *all* are ;) he brings in all the *News* of the *Country*, for he is, as is common with *Country Clarks*, a dealer in *Nappy*, and *Mantling*, and other *Potables*.

Nob and the *Grave-Digger* are *fly* Fellows ; they entertain the *Company* with *Songs*, *Catches*, and
Christmas

Christmas Carrols; and sometimes they give a *Tune to the Times*.

And *Curfew* shaves their *Heads*, sets their *Razors*, keeps clean their *Clocks*, makes *Weather-glasses*, and is a *Taylor* into the bargain, and rears excellent *Mustard-seed*, much better than the counterfeit *Charlock* or *Cadlock-seed* which is impos'd on us in *Town* for *Mustard-seed*; true genuine *Mustard-seed*, which will seize and hold you fast by the *Nose* till you cry again, and the *Tears* trickle down your *Cheeks*, and is of most excellent use when *Pork* is in Season.

And now I mention *Pork*, I wonder whether *Tom Gordon* has learnt to eat *Pork* yet, or has droll'd himself out of that *Superstition* of his *Country Education*? If he cannot yet eat *Pork*, I hear of many of his *Swinish Actions* in and about *Town*, which I will let *Cous. Sim* know of; and as we have lately heard of a *Relation* of our's at *Edinburgh*, *David Scriblerus*, we'll roast him till he stinks worse than the *Streets* and *Stair-cases* of that *Metropolis*, which are so highly offensive to our cleanly *Englishmen*, when at the same time an *English Close-stool* is so refreshing in the *Nostrils* of a *Scotchman*.

And now *Tom Gordon* comes in my way again, pray, my *Friendly Readers*, pardon one more good natur'd conceit which is just enter'd my *Head*, and is very lively in my *Imagination*. — Methinks I see *Tom* coming from *Scotland*, and padding and splodding thro' thick and thin, with his *Bag* of *Oatmeal* ty'd to a greazy *Girdle* under his threadbare *Coat*, and perhaps a little knit hawking *Bag* to ballance the *Oat-meal* one on the other side, in which he put his broken *Meat* that he beg'd along the *Road*, reserving his few *Pence* till he came to *London*. Here, I fancy, I see him enter, (and tho

tho he forgot to take *Tyburn* in his way, I doubt not but he pass'd by many a *Gallows*;) I fancy, I say, I see him enter the *Town*, sweating, smoaking, and foaming, with his *sandy Locks* as wet as if he had been drawn thro' a *Horse-pond*, and the D——I had *Ridden* him. Now I think I see him gaping up at the *Signs*; at last he *sinks* into a little paltry *Ale-house*; where after he has got a little *Intelligence* where to find his *Country-men*, he gets a *Guide* to them; and introduces himself by virtue of a *clannical Pedigree* to some *Servant* of some *Scotch Gentleman* whom we kept in *Pay*; who receives him kindly, refreshes him, directs him to an *under-ground Lodging*, and promises him to feed him with *Scraps*.

Now *Tom* goes joyfully to rest in spite of all *disturbers*; and after he had look'd about the *Town* a little for a few *Days*, and has made his *Observations*, and has had all necessary *Instructions* from his experienc'd *Country-men*, he muses and considers what course to take wherein he cou'd do most mischief for his *Bread*: He hears of the *Calves-head Club*, and others of *Atheists*, *Deists*, and *Scoffers*, enters into present *Pay*, and becomes their most *Obedient*!

Is not this a very *natural Conceit*? and consequently, will it not afford you a great deal of good natur'd *Pleasure*? *Risum teneatis, Amici*?

One *Whiff* of this *Tom* is enough to infect a *Metropolis*. (See *Independent Whig*, pag. 208, conclusion of Numb. 22.)

And now, *Tommy*, I must tell thee (for I, like *Cous. Sim*, am a very *honest*, *impartial*, and *unprejudic'd Fellow*, and will give e'en the D——I his due;) I say, I must plainly tell thee and the *World*, that wherever there is the least *Appearance* of *Argument* in thy *Independent Whig*, it is taken from
Collins's

lins's Rights; and thou hast garb'd it out in a highlandarian Fool's party-colour'd Coat, to attract vulgar Eyes, with the *Spectacles* over thy *Fundament*. So that the small, the poor *Argument* of it is *Toney Collins's*, and the great, the egregious *Foolery* of it is *Tom Gordon's*.

Prithee, since thou hast given us all *Tacitus* most *superstitiously* in *English*, how camest thou to give us that *bit* of him in the *Original* in thy *Title Page*, Edition 3d. *Independent Whig*? Was it to allure those who cannot construe it to buy the whole *Translation*? come speak the *Truth* once in thy *Life-time*, and shame the *Old one*, if thou daarest.

And now how dost thou do my *bonny Lad*? How dost thou feel thyself, *Boy*? How dost thou like my *Cous. Sim* and me *Andrew his Cousin*? Dost thou not begin to want the *Volatile* of a *Close-stool*, which is far more reviving to thee than the *Salts* ting'd with *Spirit of Lavender*, that excellent *Cephalic*? Or what if thou shoud'st put on old *Walsh's* sweaty conjuring *Cap*? or what thinkest thou of a *Pint of Whisky* by way of *Scotch Cordial*?

I will only tell thee at present, that our *Family* is very large, and we intend to take all modern Books and Pamphlets under *Inspection* and *Examination*, as *Du Pin* has done the *Antient*; we intend to be their *High-Mightinesses* of *Grub-street*; and when we are at *leisure*, we will summon all *Heterodox* and such Writings as thine *Coram Nobis*, in order for a full *Trial*, whereof we have given the World a *Specimen*. For we are asham'd that Mankind shoud be so impos'd on by such *Drivel-Drawers* as are perpetually flinging about their *Foam*, *Spittle*, and *Snivel* to befoul and annoy Mankind.

(9) This was written before the *Grub-street Journal* was heard of by the Author.

So fare thee well a *minute* or two, *Gordon*, and I will *speak* to thee again anon.

And now we are come to *Books*, I will tell you my *Cous. Sim's* Taste that way. *Divinity* and *History* are his chief *Delight*; being the most *useful* and *informing*. And here I will lay before you in a *methodical* manner his first *Foundation* in *Divinity*; which may do some *others* as much good as it has done him.

1. As to Philosophy with reference to Religion — Take *Stillingfleet's Origines Sacrae*, 4to. — *Parker's Disputationes de Deo*, 4to.
2. Natural Religion — *Wilkins's Natural Religion*, 8vo. — *Puffendorf de Jure Naturæ & Gentium*, 4to. — *de Officio Hominis et Civis*, 12m^o.
3. Jewish Religion — *Dr. Lightfoot's Works*, Fol. — *Spencer de Ritibus Judaicis*, 4to.
4. Christian Religion — *Grot. de verit Relig. Christianæ*, 8v^o. — *Parker's Demonstrations*, &c. 4^{to}.
5. Scriptures — *Grabe's and Cantabr. Septuagint*: — *Test. Millij Oxon.* 1707. *Stephens*.
6. Fathers — *Hughes's Chrysos. de Sacerdot.* — *Clemens ad Corinth.* Edit. *Oxon.* 12m^o — *Tertulian. Apologet.* *Cantab.* 12m^o — *Lactantii Opera* Edit. *Oxon. per Spark*, 8v^o.
7. Church-History, *Dr. Cave's Primitive Christianity*, 8v^o. — *Historia Literaria*, Fol. 2 Vol. — *Collier, Inet, Prideaux, Eachard*.
8. English Reformation. *Burnet's Abridgment*, &c. 8v^o. — *Twisden's Vindication of the Reformation*, 4to.
9. Church of *England* vindicated against Papists — *Laud against Fisher*: (by *Tom Gordon's* leave, who abuses this great, learned, and tho imperfect, yet good Man: and tho he was put to Death to glut the Appetites of the antient Independent

pendent *Whigs*, this modern one can't let him be quiet; he wou'd fain crucify him again as he wou'd his Saviour. (*Independent-Whig*, pag. 286. Hast thou read this Book, Tom, because thou art so very ready to fix Popery on him? Thy authority from *Rushworth* is not worth a *Rush*.) *Summary of Controversies*, 4to. — *Chillingworth*, or *Whiston's Apostle*.

10. The same vindicated against Dissenters. — *Hooker's Eccles. Pol.* — *Bishop Sanderson's Life and Tracts*, 8vo. — *Dr. Wells*, *Bennet*, &c.

11. Commentators, *Grotii opera*. — *Hammond* on the Psalms. — *Patrick*, *Lowth*, *Pocock*, *Lightfoot*, *Pool's Synop.* *Whitby*.

12. Critical Divinity. — *Mede's Works* — *Gregory's Remains*, 4to.

13. Casuistical Divinity — *Sanderson de Obligat. Consc. & Juris* — *London Cases* — *Ductor Dubitant*.

14. Practical Divinity — *Whole Duty of Man's Works*, *Hammond's* and *Wake's* and other Catechisms. (Not *Sammy Clark's* or *Danny Whiston's*. *Hole's* and *Newton's* are very good ones: And surely the most excellent *Bishop Pearson on the Creed* must never be forgot.

This is enough for a Sample of *Sim's Taste*, and for a good *Foundation* to settle a lasting *Superstructure* on. He allows there are abundance of very good new Books which he has seen, and which he wou'd be glad of, but cannot purchase. However one Friend or another lends him some of them. He never repented so much in the throwing away 5 Shillings, as he did on *Gordon's Independent-Whig*; which he cou'd have borrow'd: but I hope his *Whistoneutes* and my *Gorgoneicon* will fetch their *Penny-worths* out of him again.

Sim has read your *Foreign Systematical Gentlemen*, *Turretin*, *Limborch*, and *Calvin's Institutions*. But above all he admires and loves our *Orthodox English Divines*; as you may see in his *Whistoneutes*.

He reads *Classicks*, *Plays*, and *Poetry*. He admires *Milton* above all, to whom he gives the Precedence before even *Homer* or *Virgil*; and says that after he has read him, even *Dryden* is but *Jingle Jangle*. For his *Paradise Lost* he admires (tho even therein I am startled at his personating *Satan* and the hellish Crew as he does :) but for his *atheistical Practices* (which perhaps might proceed from thence) in forsaking all *publick Worship*, as *Toland* tells us in his *Life*, and seems to blame him for it,) *Sim* abominates him; and for his *Abuses* of the unhappy *King Charles the Martyr*, in his *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, he loaths and despises him, notwithstanding the Goodness of his *Latin*, with which he triumphs over *Salmasius*. Is it a wonder that he who cou'd so naturally describe the *Fallen Independent-Whig Angels*, shou'd himself also become ~~also~~ an *Independent-Whig Rebel*, both towards his *God* and his earthly *King*?

Sim reads all my *Brethren* your merry *Fellows*—*Pope's Dunciad* with the great *Martin Scriblerus's Notes*, *John Bull* in his *Senses*, *Tom Brown*, *Hudibras*, *Virgil's Travesty*, *Jack Philips's* splendid *Shilling*, *Johnny Gruby's Old British Song*, *Don Quixot*, *Quevedo*, *Bee-Hive* of the *Romish-Church*, &c. But whether or no it be *Name-sake Prejudice* in his Favour, he greatly admires our *Cous. Martin's Works*, which he has seen and borrow'd from others; being not able to purchase them, because of the Largeness of his *Family*. And I have often heard him say, "That he really takes him to be the pleasantest Wit in Europe."

He

He reads the *Histories* of all Travels, Countries, and Kingdoms of the World; with *Chronologies* and *Geographies*, which are the *Eyes* of History.

He reads *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, *Examiners*, *True-Britons*, *Freeholders*, with *Advices* to them, *Craftsmen*, and all other Papers written with a true *Spirit* of *Learning*, *Argument*, good *Reason*, *Reading*, and *Observation*, *Wit*, *Pleasantry*, *Banter*, *Repartee*, and *Ridicule* on *Persons* and *Things* which deserve them; hating and despising all others; such as *Whiston*, *Gordon*, *Collins*, *Woolston*, *Tindal*, *Chub*, and others.

He reads *Law*, *Physick*, and *Chirurgery*. And he has long since gain'd so much *Reputation* in these *Faculties*, that his *Neighbours* apply to him in all of them. He can make a *Last Will and Testament*, and draw *Articles of Agreement* with *Bonds of Performance*, and *common Leases*, &c.—He can feel a *Pulse*, judge of a *Disease*, observe it's *Crisis*, and *prescribe*.—He knows when *Bleeding* is proper according to the *Nature* or *Height* of a *Distemper*, or the *Age* and *Constitution* of a *Patient*.—He can cure a *Green-Wound*, *Bruise*, or *Cut*, by the help of his *Rum* and his *Album Græcum Salve*.

And here I give this publick *Information* for the *Good* of the *Publick*, and which *Sim* found out himself—that *Rum* (the higher it is rectify'd the better, or, if you please, doubly distill'd) never fails with the help of *Diaculum* to cure any green *Wound*. Every time you dress it, wash it with your *Rum* a little warm'd; then lay on your *Plaster of Diaculum* warm. This keeps the *Wound* clean, brings it to a *Suppuration*, heals, and skins it over again on a sound *Bottom*. *Probatum est*. One *Friend* or another sends him *Rum* from *London* or *Bristol* to make *Punch*. But I thank you,

(10) Banter on Whiston's trifling & insignificant information (pag. 9th of his memoirs:—) as is also that of the Breach of sinners pag. 12th of George's note:—

you, *Sim* knows better things than to *Dram* or *Punch* it away. His *poor* Neighbours and Family must have it to *heal* their Wounds, Aches, and Bruises.

He is become the standing *Council* and *Doctor* of all the Country, and the general *Judge*, *Arbitrator*, and *Umpire*, or (in the harmless Country *Dialect*) *Humphrey* of all *Quarrels*, *Disputes*, and *Differences*.

In short, *Gentlemen*, what wou'd you have more? Many before he *publish'd* his *Whistoneutes* took him for a *lumpish* Creature; but his *Neighbours* and *Intimates* very well knew from these good *Actions* of his, that there was much more in him than others more *remote* were aware of.

I mention'd that I wou'd entertain you with some of *Sim's* *Notions*, but I shou'd think my Pains are almost *sav'd*. You have had a pretty many *here*, and also in his own little *Traet*; and I hope you *like* them. However, there are a few of his *Notions* of, and *Observations* on, some *Things* not yet taken Notice of; and which are in short as follow——

First, Concerning *Masquerades*, *Masqueraders*, and *Masquerading*——He thinks that the *Craft* of making *Masks* and *Vizards*, and *Devils-dresses* will soon be at an *End*. For, he observes, that too many have an impenetrable Mask of *Flint*, *Adamant*, *Steel*, and *Brass* visibly growing over their *Faces* every Day; and that they are naturally *Clothing* themselves daily more and more in the Devil's *Livery*. Of this sort of *Craftsmen* for the making up and fitting out these *Vizards*, *Dresses*, and *Liveries*, are *Messieurs Collins*, *Tindal*, *Gordon*, and *Woolston* at the *Star* in *Aldermanbury*. I suppose it is a *black* *Star*; for he must never expect to be under the benign Influences of any
bright

bright ones. (See this favourite word *Craft*, pag. 343. *Independent Whig* and elsewhere.)

Secondly, His Opinion is that it is very highly foolish in any body to be over *sollicitous* about *Riches*; and that it is an unpardonable *Fault* especially in Men of *Sense*, *Learning*, and *Character* either in *Church* or *State* to be striving for *Places*, *Posts*, and *Dignities*, merely to supply their own unreasonable sensual *Appetites*; that *Christians* and *Scholars* may soon be satisfy'd;—and that it is a most *pitiful*, *shameful*, and *scandalous Practice* for any to give up either the *Doctrines* of the one, or to sacrifice the *Rights* or *Liberties* of the other, for even the greatest *Place*, *Profit*, or *Preferment* in either. Which at the best is only *the Meat which perisheth*; and if it shou'd last their time, 'tis the greatest *odds* in the World but a *Generation* or two *evens* all the ill-gotten *Treasure*. This puts me in mind of a *Spanish Proverb*—

“*Happy the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*” i. e. who raises an *Estate* by any means whatever for his *Son*, whom the World may call *happy* in the *Enjoyment* and *Spending* of it; but in the end it is as unhappy for the *Son* as the *Father*, who gallops after him as fast as he can, after he has profusely squander'd away such unrighteous *Riches*.

Thirdly, His Notion of *Travelling* may not be amiss.—He observes that now-a-days young *Gentlemen* are taken from *School* very raw and green, at the Age of sixteen or seventeen, to go abroad under a *French Tutor*. He has heard of some of these who have been call'd *Montpelier Doctors* of *Physick*, and at last have prov'd only *Barber-Surgeons*, or *Valet de Chambre's*. However his Notion is *General*; there may be some *Exceptions*.

Then the young *Gentlemen* gallop to *Paris* (if they be not *Frenchify'd* and inhumanly *Scarify'd* from *Calais* thither) and they immediately fall
into

into the Hands of *French Taylors* and *Accouterers* of all Sorts—and when the old *Madamoiselles* have taught and enter'd them well in the *Rigadoon*, *Louvre*, and tir'd them down in other *French Dances* and *Vagaries*—Then away for the *Curtesans* at *Rome*, *Venice*, &c. the *Lake of Geneva*, and the *Sluices*, *Canals*, *Cellars*, and *flat-bottom'd Boats* of *Holland*; and then they may be qualify'd for *Members* of the *Hell-fire Club*, for *Gordon's Scholars*, and *Woolston's Disciples*. And being most wonderfully improv'd in the *Toupee*, the *Bag*, the *Formality*, and the *Grimace*, they hate, despise, and abhor every thing that is *English*; the *English Religion*, *Manners*, *Government*, *Company*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Dress*, *Servants*, are all *nauseous* and *abominable*. In short, as they were never well grounded in the true *Foundation* of any of *these*, they return *Home* roving and *unsettled* to their own *Country* in *all Respects*, tho they know not how to pick out any *better* to fix in.

With Submission *Sim* thinks, that our *Nobility* and *Gentry* had better have a few more *Years* over their *Heads*, be better *Scholars* both in *School* and *Academical Learning*, be well acquainted and grounded in their own *Religion* and *Laws*, see and know how to give an *Account* of their own *Country*, and of their own *Country History*, and then he thinks they wou'd travel *better*, and more both for their *Reputation*, *Safety*, and *Improvement*. And especially under the Care of an honest and ingenious *English Tutor*, tho a *Frenchman* may be allow'd for a *Subaltern*.

This I think *convenient*, because most *Noblemen* and others who have been thus *qualify'd* for, and have thus *travel'd*, have always return'd *Home* the most *accomplish'd*. I cou'd name *many*, who *have*, and *do*, and are *likely* to *adorn* our *Kingdom* in both *Houses*, and in the highest *Posts*, and of whom

whom we have *many* in every part of the *Nation*. And can any deny that our Country has *exceeded* most Countries in great and able *Statesmen*, who have had the help of no *Education* but that of their own Country, in our *English Schools* and *English Universities*?

But it seems now it is only for fear that our young Gentry shou'd learn to *Smoak* and *Drink*, that they must be sent *Abroad* so young. If they do learn this *idle* and wicked *Custom*, it is their own *Faults*, it is their own *Act* and *Deed*, and where they are so *inclin'd*, a *Tutor* can hardly reclaim them. So for fear of this *Vice* they go abroad to be freed from every thing but *Vice* and *Irreligion*; with the various *kinds* of which they return plentifully *stock'd* from all Countries both in *Principle* and *Practice*; which when thus *transplanted* hither, like *Plants* from a beggarly *Soil*, they most surprizingly grow, thrive, and improve. As it is observ'd, that the *English*, tho not good *Inventors*, are prodigious *Improvers*.

Not to mention how many return Home actually *maim'd* and mangled, and render'd incapable and *useless* by foreign *Engagements*; with broken *Backs*, *Bob-tails*, emptied *Pockets*, and *Cod-pieces*, to the *Extinction* (oftentimes) of *Families*. And what can be *expected* from such, if ever they shou'd come to fill the great *Places* of *Trust*? Must we not expect foreign *Impositions* from such *alienated*, estranged, and new moulded *Gentlemen*?

With the greatest *Deference* therefore, *Respect*, and *Submission*, I wou'd desire all *Governors* of *Colleges* and *Halls* in both *Universities*, to *stick* and stand stedfastly by their *Statutes*, both *publick* and *private*—to dine at their *old Hours*—to keep up *Discipline*—to make *Tutors*, and *Lecturers*, and *Pupils*, attend on one another—to lock up their *Gates* at studying *Hours*—to *impose* and *confine* (not

sconce) *Delinquents*, and to expel the *irreclaimable* of what *Gown* or *Degree* soever they are—to burn *lac'd* Clothes and *lac'd* Shirts—and to fling *Tea-Tables* with their *Equipages* and *Appurtenances* out at the *Windows*:—And then see whose *Pupils* (tho even now we do not *yield*; as *bad* as an *unjust* and *ill-natur'd*, *partial*, and *ruin-seeking* *World* represents things) see, I say, whose *Pupils*, our *English Tutors*, or the *French Masters*, will have the longest *Heads* and the *honestest* and *boldest Hearts*! And because some are *idle* and *loose* and therefore *miscarry*, must there be none *good*? How many of *these* of all *Sorts* do the *Universities* turn out every *Year*, who will not turn their *Backs* to any *Foreigners* in any *thing*?

Now as to his *Principles*.

First of *Religion*. I believe I may venture to call him a *Christian*, as all his *Actions* and *No-tions* have hitherto *shewn* him; and tho he may look a little *singular* and out of *fashion*, good *Christians* beginning to be almost as *rare* as *Black Swans*, yet he lives in hopes, that in *time*, when Men have *disgorg'd* their *Gordonism*, *belch'd* out their *Wool-stonism*, *sweat* out their *Whistonism*, and *purg'd* off their *Tindalism* and *Chubbism*, and all *Heterodoxism*;—that when they have *smarted* well for these *Diseases* and *Distempers*, he fancies Men will return to their *Christian Temper* and *Senses* again, and flatters himself that he shall come into *fashion* *once more*.

He allows that *Man* was originally created a *glorious* Creature in all the *Faculties* and *Endowments* of his *Soul*; that he was in a *Capacity* thus accomplish'd, to serve God *acceptably*;—and had he continu'd *such*, there wou'd have been *no need* (perhaps) of any farther *Revelation*, or for a *Sal-viour*. But after that violent, fatal, and bitter *Shock*, which his *Soul* with all its *Faculties* receiv'd
by

by the first *Transgression*, he then stood in the greatest need of *both* imaginable. That therefore God Almighty out of his most wonderful *Love*, *Mercy*, and *Goodness*, immediately on the *Fall* and *Expulsion* of our first Parents out of their *earthly Paradise*, promis'd a *Saviour* to conduct their Posterity to an *Heavenly* one. And *herein*, and *no otherwise* can *Christianity* with any Reason be said to be as old as the *Creation*.

The *Fall* was the *Occasion* of *Christianity*. And here the *Wisdom* of *God* is manifested in defeating the *Schemes* of *Satan*. And I am of Opinion, that the *Divine*, the Almighty Majesty might permit the grand *Apostate* to tempt the *new-form'd* Creature, that thereby he might both *expose* the *Malice* and vain Policy of the *one*, and *might take* occasion from thence to do the greatest, the utmost Good for the *other*.

The *Word* was with the *Father* from *Eternity*: ready, willing, and prepar'd to take our *Nature* upon him in the appointed *Time*, for these great, these stupendous *Ends* and Purposes, and to *perfect* the wonderful Work of our *Redemption*, in his *Appearance*, *Instruction*, and *Satisfaction* for our *Reconciliation*, *Renovation*, and *Re-union* at last to all *Eternity* with our *Maker*, and *Redeemer*, and *Sanctifier*.

And I am intirely of Opinion that all good *Christians* are now in a much *better Condition* than our *first Parents* were in their state of *Innocency*:—Because we have the *Gospel*, which is the last and most perfect *Revelation* of the *Will* of *God*:—Because *Christ* has promis'd the *Holy Spirit* to all who sincerely and *humbly* ask it:—And if we live in *Obedience* to these two—Namely the *Laws* of the *Gospel*, and the blessed *Motions* and *Influences* of the *Divine Spirit*, we cannot *Err*; we cannot *Fall*, but by *Death*, which is the way to

everlasting *Happiness*! Whereas *Adam* with his uncorrupted *Reason* fell! And lastly—Because in the whole *Work* of our *Redemption*, the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of Providence most infensibly appear; and we have seen our *Saviour*; and shall more visibly see him conquering, punishing, defeating, and triumphing over all the Powers of *Darkness*, whether in *Hell* or on *Earth*!

Is not *Reason* in need then of *Revelation*, when *Adam* fell with his uncorrupt *Reason*? And is not *Reason* without *Revelation* insufficient of itself? If we will argue for *Reason* as sufficient to direct us in Matters of *Religion*, it must be under these Conditions.—That our *Reason* had continu'd uncorrupt; (which yet, we see, was not *Security* from transgressing our Maker's *Law*;)—That it had never suffer'd (as it did most sensibly) by the *Fall* of our First Parents;—That it be still unbiass'd and unprejudic'd;—That it be always under the *Direction*, Illumination, and Guidance of *Revelation* and God's Holy *Spirit*, and in no wise contradictory to 'em upon any *Pretence*, or under any Colour, Interest, or Passion whatsoever.

To talk of the Sufficiency of *Reason* any otherwise, in matters of *Religion*, is both unreasonable, and contradictory to common *Sense*, matter of *Fact*, and the Experience of all the reasonable, considering, and wise part of *Mankind*.

God Almighty both before and under the *Law* instituted, appointed, and accepted of *Sacrifices* to train Men up and to keep them in *Expectation* of the grand *Sacrifice* and Propitiation which was to come into the *World*; to shew them the Necessity of such a Satisfaction of infinite *Value*, to appease his affronted, his injur'd infinite *Justice*; and when it was offer'd, he shew'd himself well pleas'd with it, as a sufficient *Price* and Ransom
for

for our *Redemption*! O the *wonderful*, the *inconceivable* Wisdom, Mercy, Justice, and *Goodness* of our most glorious Creator! O the *Astonishing* Love and compassion of our Ever-Blessed Redeemer! O the *unutterable* Assistances of the Holy Spirit!

The *all-wise* God seems to have *obviated* these Objections, by leaving Men for many Years under the *Guidance* of their corrupted Reason; till they became so *abominable*, that his *Justice* prevail'd over his Mercy to destroy the whole Race by the *Flood*; excepting a *few* who had acted as well as they cou'd in *Conformity* to the best of that Reason they had: And who therefore were call'd *Righteous*, and for no other cause. But as the Posterity of *Noah* ran into the same Excess of *Wickedness* as did the *Antediluvians*, God's Mercy at last prevail'd over his Justice, and he *revealed* himself, deliver'd *Laws*, and chose a *People* out of Apostate Mankind, who had forsaken their *Maker*, and follow'd their *Tempter*; whom he *conducted* till the *Appearance* of his Son, the *Saviour* of the *World*, God *blessed* for evermore, the *Heir* of all *Things*, and the *Appointed Judge* of the *World*.

For the miserable *State* of the reasonable *heathen World* sunk in Vice, Ignorance, Superstition, and *Beastiality*, see it most pathetically *describ'd* by *St. Paul*, *Rom. 1st ch.* and elsewhere thro'out the *New Testament*. And also by that most excellent *Bishop of London* in his *Second Pastoral Letter*, from undoubted *History* and matter of *Fact*, of reasonable *Heathens* now living in many parts of the *World* without the *Light* of *Revelation*. And for a farther Proof of the *Reasonableness* of *Reason* itself without the *Gospel*, observe all the *reasonable* Practices and Principles of our modern *Sagaciarrians*, who have most *unreasonably* disputed themselves out, and divested themselves of *Christianity*!

If *Men* will thus most impudently and *daringly* fly in their *Maker's* Face, will thus sacrilegiously endeavour to take away *Revelation*, will thus blasphemously deny their *Saviour*, and will thus idly and *irrationally* shew their silly *Reasoning*, in Books of fourteen Shillings and other *unreasonable* Prices at this most *unreasonable* and unmerciful Rate—I am sure they are not worthy of an *Answer* from any wise or good *Christian*; and I must and will conclude them to be what they *really* are—most degenerate *Brutes*, unquenchable *Tinder*, and most despicable, miserable, and contemptible *Scrubbists*.

I am not *afraid* or ashamed to tell the World that my *Cous. Sim* is a very great *Admirer* and strict Observer of the *Liturgy*, *Articles*, *Creeds*, *Doctrines*, *Canons*, and *Homilies* of the Church of *England*, notwithstanding the *Opposition*, *Discouragement*, and *Hatred* of all *unreasonable* and *wicked* men whatever towards it. And I *Andrew* do declare, that it is the most *Perfect* and the best *Constituted* Church in the *Christian World*. Nor do I think it *any daubing* or *fulsom* *Panegyrick* to say so: and I will say so, and can prove it so in Spite of *Tom Gordon's* Teeth.

It is not altogether *Human*; for all her *Doctrines*, *Creeds*, and *Prayers* are either *taken* directly out of, are *consonant* unto, may be *supported* by, or are very fairly *deducible* from, the holy, heavenly, and divine *Scriptures*, and from the Practice of the uncorrupted *Church* of God in the purest Ages.

Indeed it is *human* so far as all these things were *drawn up*, agreed upon, form'd, brought about, settled, and establish'd by human *Creatures*, and lawful human *Authority*, which is deriv'd from *God*. And farther, I think that the Footsteps of *God's* wonderful *Providence* may be
very

very signally seen and trac'd in the whole Course of its *Formation*, *Production*, *Settlement*, and *Preservation*.

It is the great Glory of the *Reformation* of our Church from *Popery*, that, as it proceeded from the best *Cause*, namely—the *Necessity* of purging *Christianity* from the *Dross* and *Corruptions* of *Idolatry* and *Superstition*, *those Tares of the Enemy*, which had for many years been sowing and growing among the good *Wheat*, by his *Workmen* and *Tools*; (and in what *Age* did he, or does he now, want any of *such*?)—As it was carried on by the most peaceable and orderly *Steps*—so it held and establish'd the most peaceable and orderly *Doctrines* of the *Gospel*. The first *Reformers*, neither in *Opinion* nor *Practice* maintain'd any thing *prejudicial* or *contrary* to the *Gospel*, or which was dangerous to *Commonwealths*, or injurious to *Governours*; and the *Reformation* which was then made, was carried on with great *Wisdom*, *Calmness*, and *Deliberation*; and establish'd by publick *Authority* to the Satisfaction of all good and judicious *Christians*. And many of the *Reformers* seal'd it with their *Blood*. *Sanguis Martyrum Semen Ecclesiae*.

The *Hand* of God is legible in the *Preservation* of it, by the unexpected cutting off of *Queen Mary*, and from the restless *Practices* and repeated *Attempts* of the *Papists*, in the Reigns of *Queen Elizabeth* and *King James* the First.

But in the Reign of his Son *King Charles* the First (a Name which will be ever esteem'd in *England*) there sprung up a new *Set* of *Reformers*; a Generation of Men of violent and furious *Principles*; who, pretending the *Church* was not sufficiently reform'd from *Popery*, nor the *State* from *Tyranny*, when they cou'd not otherwise compass their unreasonable *Designs*, (tho the *King* still granted

granted them more than what was *reasonable* ;) were for Reforming by *Destruction* ; whose Religion was all Zeal, intemperate, mad, *enthusiastic* Zeal, *i. e.* *Fire and Sword* ; and who, instead of *Obeying*, were for *Fighting* and *Rebelling* for *Conscience-sake* ! In plain *English* they were *Independent Whigs* and *True Protestants*. And *Providence* permitted them to destroy Archbishop *Laud* and Lord *Strafford* first, and then to kill the *King*, and to turn the whole *Kingdom* into a *Golgotha* and an *Aceldama*, a *Slaughter*, and *Charnel-House*, and a *Place of Skulls*, and to ruin the *Laws*, *Liberties*, and the establish'd *Religion* ; and to place in their stead *Rapine*, *Cruelty*, *Oppression*, and *Hypocrisy* !—Were not these glorious Days, *Tom* ? And did'st thou not write thy *Independent Whig* for the *Restoration* of them ?

But God in his due time was pleas'd to deliver us out of our *Thralldom* and *Egyptian Slavery* ; we were deliver'd from making *Brick without Straw*, from making the *Pots*, and from the *Fetters* and *Shackles* which press'd down our *Bodies* and *Souls*. The *King*, the *Heir*, returns ; our *Sun of Righteousness* (I mean *Christianity* as profess'd in the Church of *England*) again appears with healing in his *Wings* ; our *Laws* and *Liberties* are restor'd ; and *Joy* appears in all but *Gordonian* Countenances.

And alas ! I wish it had not been all carnal Joy ; I wish that more of the true *spiritual* Mirth and *Thanksgiving* to God, our *Saviour* and mighty *Deliverer*, in *Soul*, in *Life*, and *Practice* had appear'd ! Then, indeed, too much of *Tom Gordon's* *Praying* and *Fasting* ; too much *scoffing* and *ridiculing* things *Sacred*, too much *Blaspheming*, *Swearing* and *Cursing* ; too much *Luxury* was practis'd ; too much *Gordonian* *Whoring*, *Drinking*, *Bantering*, and *Forgetfulness* of God's *Mercies* abounded.

Indeed

Indeed I am heartily *asham'd* of it! And what can I say in *Defence* of such *Ingratitude*?—Why in good *Truth* I can say no more, than that these *Gordonian Practices* were owing to the *Gordonian Principles*, which were *propagated* in the times of our *Spiritual* and *Temporal* Bondage and Captivity.

For then were all the *Heresies* and *Villanies* broach'd which have ever since *plagu'd*, disturb'd, and almost *destroy'd* us.

God Almighty made us sensible of his *Displeasure* against us for our *Unthankfulness* and base *Ingratitude*, in *permitting* us to be brought to the very *brink* of Ruin in the next Reign of *James* the Second.

But in the midst of *Judgment* he remember'd *Mercy*; and deliver'd us by that very great Prince *King William* of glorious *Memory*, and by the present Protestant Royal Family now on the Throne; whom may the *Divine Majesty*, the *Majesty* of *Majesties* for ever *defend* and prosper, and endue with the heavenly *Spirit* of Wisdom, Knowledge, and Discernment, to *distinguish* between their *Friends* and their *Foes*; between Men of good and bad Principles, Views, and *Designs*.

And therefore as the *Church of England* has stood its Ground during all this time, notwithstanding thy fulsom *Panegyric* and sly *Coaxing*—*O Glorious King George!* &c. (pag. 383. *Independent Whig*;) like *Whiston's* enthusiastic *Rant*—*O that I cou'd live to see that happy Day!* &c.—I doubt not of its *Protection* under their present *Majesties* auspicious *Government*, tho there are *Whistons*, *Jacksons*, *Gordons*, *Tindals*, *Chubs*, and *Woolstons* amongst us. For the *Interests* of the *Monarchy* and *Church of England* are so *interwoven*, that they cannot well be *separated* without *Damage* to both,

Sim's Zeal being according to Knowledge, he thinks it his Duty to contend earnestly for the Christian Faith. And tho his Charity be universal and extend to all Men, even to the most distant Corners of the Earth, as being Fellow-Creatures, and bearing the divine Signature on their Souls and Bodies, yet, with Tom Gordon's leave, he must and will make a Distinction between Christians and Jews, Mahometans, and Infidels; he cannot put them on a Level.—He will also make a Difference between good and truly sincere and in earnest Christians, and bad, hypocritical, and not in earnest Christians, i. e. between real and nominal Christians; and between Papists, Quakers, and all manner of Sectarists, and true and honest Church of England-men,—because the Principles, Practices, Conversations, and Dealings of these are much the best, as founded on true and uncorrupted Christianity.

He must and will prefer in his Opinion Men, who upon mature Study and Consideration have subscrib'd to Doctrines consonant to the Scriptures, and stand by them, to those, who, tho they have subscrib'd to them again and again, yet when the Grub of Preferment, Ambition, and Covetousness bites, break thro' their Ties and Fences, and, like Cattle stung by the Gad-fly, run staring, snorting, cocking the Tail, and roaring all the Kingdom over.

*Neither can honest Sim approve of your Eras-
tian, Walshian, or any other Rascallian Physi-
cian, who with their conjuring Pots and Alem-
becks are for vapouring away all the spiritual Parts,
and leaving us nothing but human and earthly
Dregs and Filth; tho by so doing they may find
the Philosopher's Stone for themselves, their Heirs,
and Executors.*

Rem decoxit iners Chymicus, dum decoquit aurum :

Et bona dilapidat omnia pro Lapide.

Owen's Epigram. 9. lib. 2. pag. 30. Edit.
Amsterd.

(11) Presume it
would be better
thus—
En! bona dila-
pidans &c—

And he will always be glad to hear of the *Preferment* of such glorious *Defenders* of our Faith as Dr. *Waterland*. And heartily wishes that he was a good *Patron* for poor honest *Tom Stackhouse's* Sake ; whose *Poverty* has not tempted him to *Apostatize* ; and whose *Hardships*, &c. he has read with a *relenting* Heart ; and has sent to me to buy his State of the *Woolstonian* Controversy and his *Body of Divinity* ; which I will immediately do. He earnestly recommends this honest Gentleman to some body in whose *Power* it is to prefer him. And I will assure you that *Sim* speaks *disinterestedly* as to them both. For he never, as he knows of, either did *see* or *speak* to either of them.

And now, *Readers*, what think ye of Cousin *Sim's Religion* ? Is it not as good as the *Independent Whig's* ? Does not the true Spirit of *Christianity* appear in all his religious *Principles*, both in his *Whistoneutes*, and, as I have farther related them, in this my *Gorgoneicon* ?

And now for his *Political Principles*.

To this Head I need say but *little*. You have heard that honest *Sim* loves all *Mankind*——that he intirely loves the *Protestant Religion* as profess'd in the Church of *England*——that he respects, reveres, and will always bear true and faithful *Allegiance* to the present *Protestant Royal Family* on the *Throne*, and to their *Royal Progeny* after them——and that he thinks and is fully persuaded that their and the Church's Interests are inseparable. So likewise he looks upon the *Interest* and Good

of the *King* and *People* to be the same; always expecting, when he hears of a *Breach* upon the one, to have it return'd upon the other. In our happy *Constitution*, the Power of the *King*, the Interest of the Christian *Religion* in the establish'd Church, and the *Laws* of the Land, the just *Liberties*, *Properties*, and *Freedoms* of the *People*, are all *blended* and *mix'd* together for one and the same *publick Good*. And therefore *Sim* cannot abide ever to hear of any *stretches* of the *Prerogative* on the *People*, or *Encroachments* of the *People* on the *Prerogative*; either of them being the *Forerunner* of *Mischief*. He looks on a *King* as a *Father* of his *Dominions*, and thinks that all *Kings* shou'd love, endeavour to save and provide for his *Subjects* as much as he does for his *Children*, for he's a most *indulgent* Father. He remembers (if he is not *mistaken*) a Saying of that immortal Princess Queen *Elizabeth* (that ever to be *imitated* Royal Heroine of *Great-Britain*, who govern'd and manag'd so well her *Court*, her *Nobles*, and her *People*, and most valiantly and *Amazonianly* defended her *self* and *Kingdom* against all *Europe*, and so completely *bankrupted* the *Spaniard* that he was not able to *open Shop* again for many Years :) —and it was this——“ That she was as well “ pleas'd to have the *Money* in the Pockets of “ her *Subjects*, as in her own *Coffers*.” A glorious, a wise, a good, and most princely *Saying*! For certainly the *Circulation* of *Money* is the chief *Promoter* of *Trade* and *Industry*, and consequently of the *Good* and *Safety* of the *Kingdom*; and no *King* who ever sways the *British* Scepter need to fear the *Readiness* of his *Subjects* to raise *Money* sufficient for either the *King's Use* and *Dignity*, or for the *Defense* of their *King* and *Country*. None more *free* and *generous* than are the *English* in these Particulars, when they have any *Money* in

in their *Breeches*. As the *unspeakably* immense Sums which they have parted with for these *forty Years* past do super-abundantly *testify*!

Sim thinks that when a good *King* goes to *Dinner*, he shou'd wish that all such honest *Subjects* as himself, with his *Wife* and *nine Children*, had a Piece of *Beef*, a Leg of *Mutton*, a Leg of *Veal* and *Bacon*, a Leg of *Pork*, with *Turnips* or *Pease-Pudding*, or a Loin of *Veal*, or any plain, stout, holding *Joint* to sit down to. I remember that when I have *din'd* with *Sim* on any such *Dish* I have often heard him wish that every body in *England*, who *wanted*, had such a *one*; and have seen him *slap* in his *Knife* and send away a good *Cutting* to his next *poor Neighbour*. And I have heard him say, that he does not think his *Meat* or *Drink* is *sanctify'd* to him, unless he gives the *Poor* a bit with him. Expecting otherwise that his daily *Food* shou'd turn to the *decaying* and *dis-tempering*, not to the *feeding* and *nourishing* of his *Body*; and abhorring all *Hoggish* creatures who love to *stuff* and *gorge* in private by *themselves*.

But to proceed—In short, *Sim* is not like the *Earl of Rochester*, the *Prophane*, the *Lewd*, the *Wicked*, (tho the very *Witty* and *Sagacious*!) *Earl of Rochester*, who daringly *said*, and has *recorded* his saying—"That he hated all *Kings*, and the *Thrones* that they sat on, &c." For *Sim* loves *Kings*, all *Kings*, but chiefly is a *Lover* of *Kingly Government* ballanc'd like *Our's*. As also he loves and respects those *Kings* best who *rule* and *govern* according to *Justice*, *Judgment*, and *Righteousness*; which are the *Qualities* they ought to *imitate* the heavenly *King* in, the *King of Kings*, and *Lord of Lords*, and *supreme Potentate*: by doing of which, and which alone, they become *Gods on Earth*, or *God's Vicegerents on Earth*.

To conclude with *Kings*. *Sim* envies none, but loves, nay pities all; as observing the Crowns which they wear to be more beset and environ'd with *Thorns*, than they are bedeckt and adorn'd with *Jewels*. And as to his own *King*, he will always (I'll pass my *Word* for him) serve him with his *Mouth*, with his *Pen*, his *Fist*, and his *Fortune*, in conjunction with his *God*, his *Saviour*, his *Religion*, and his *Country*. *God save the King and Queen and all the Royal Family. Amen.*

Likewise *Sim* loves all true *Patriots*; all who are really such; and who, like bold, undaunted true *Britons*, dare oppose wicked *Ministers* and destructive *Measures*: not those, who, when they have bawl'd themselves into *Places*, do more extravagant things than ever were heard of before. And he always wishes good *Success* to good *Patriots*. Tho he hated the late *Earl of Oxford's* ugly *Tricks* towards his *Friends* and *Relations*, in feeding them with *Expectations* of *Places*, and then disappointing and forsaking them, yet in the main he concludes him an honest *Minister*, because he got nothing out of the *Publick*. And he has a vast *Respect* for his *Son*, that sober, worthy, and learned *Peer*, and for all such, which, *Blessed be God!* are every where to be found. And I cou'd name many; but for fear of being call'd a *Sycophant*.

In short *Sim* says, that he has liv'd to see *Whigism* and *Torism*, *Courtism* and *Countrism*, all converted into *Selfism*; and therefore like an honest Fellow as he is, is neither *Whig* nor *Tory*, nor of the *Court-or Country-Party*; but is of all of them in what is just, reasonable, lawful, and right; and of none or any of them any otherwise, or to the contrary in any wise *Notwithstanding*. And he thinks *Tyranny* and *Oppression* to be equally the same either in a *Mahometan*, *Heathenish*, *Popish*, or *Protestant Government*.

As

As to *Taxes Sim* is as *easy* as he can be under so great a *Load*, and considers that they are the *Ordinances of the higher Powers*. However there are two or three things which he has often *Complain'd* of as very *hard* and *grievous*.

The one is that of the *Window-tax*; which is very *unequal*; *Sim* with only a bare two hundred Pounds a year pays as much as a neighbouring Lord of near *ten thousand* Pounds a Year, or as the greatest *Duke* in *England* does. Which he must either *do*, or *spoil* his House and live in *Darkness*, which he *hates* of all sorts, and both *Temporal* and *Eternal*. If it had been laid at one *Penny* on a *Window* on all Houses from four Pounds yearly *Rent* and *upwards*, it wou'd have been more *just* and *equal*, and wou'd have rais'd as *much* or *more* Money, which wou'd have been paid without *Murmuring* or *Complaining*; and the *Parish-Officers* thro'out the Kingdom might have *collected* it without the *trouble* and *Charge* of your skulking *Window-peepers*.

Sim tells a good story to this purpose of one of his *nappy* Companions; who, when the *Tax* was laid on *Candles*, said——“ I perceive now
“ that they are resolv'd to keep us in the dark;
“ for they will not let us have any *Light* either
“ by *Day* or by *Night*.” If it cou'd be *computed*, I am very sensible that I have paid a pretty deal in *Tax* on the *Candles* I have spent in *Scribbling* this my *Gorgoneicon*, which I have done my utmost to *Calculate* for the very *Meridian* of the publick Good in all kinds. As I doubt not but poor *Sim* did in the *Octobrian* and *Novembrian* Performance of his *Whistoneutes*, which he design'd for the same *Ends* and *Uses*. And I heartily wish that they may *both* have their well-intended *Operations*.

Another

Another *Complaint* of *Sim's* is concerning the *Malt Tax*. As he is generous and civil to every body, he sometimes invites the *Excise-men* to see him if they are quiet Fellows; and out of respect to his *Majesty*, whose *Officers* they are; and he *learns* from them——that, when every thing is fairly *computed*, the Government receives at least *five Pounds* an Acre of all good *Barley*; *i. e.* from the time it is *Sown* (so I suppose including the *Land-Tax*) till it is fit to be *retail'd* in Pints, Quarts, and Flaggons in the *Publick* way. And then if we *consider* and *add* to all *this* the *Rent* of the Land, the *Plowing*, and *Sowing*, and *Weeding*, and *Mowing*, and getting into the *Barn*, the *Threshing* and carrying to *Market*, the poor *Tenant's Sweat* and little *Profit*, the *Parish Taxes*, *Tyth*, which must all be allow'd, what a useful *Subject* and worshipful *Knight* is honest *Sir John Barleycorn*?——By the same way of *Computation* of the *Excise* only the *Government* receives from every *Acre* of *Barley* which is good, a vast *deal* which is spent in a private *House-keeping* way.——Therefore *Sim* thinks it *hard* to pay for his *Malt-Liquids*, of which he is so *generous* to *Rich* and *Poor*, and so freely gives away. *Hops* too (good and necessary *Ingredients* in *Malt-Liquor*) must be consider'd: there's a great *Duty* on them to the *Discouragement* of *Planting*.——Nay *Sim* goes farther and says, that even the *Water* is not *Scotfree*; for he pays *Land-Tax* for the *Earth* from whence it *springs*.

As he loves to be *clean* himself, and to see his *Wife*, *Children*, and *Servants* so, he cannot but complain of the *Soap-Tax*; that weekly chargeable *Sud*, which helps to *lather* his *Pockets* as clean as a *Crud*.

O *Fellow-Citizens*, ought we not to be eas'd a little? Indeed, O my *Countrymen*, I think that we ought.

Neither is he *unmindful* or *ungrateful*. He *sees* and *feels* the Removal of the *Salt-Tax*, and hopes that every body as well as himself will be as *thankful* and *grateful* as himself; and looks upon this as a good *leading Card* towards the *intire taking off* of those just mention'd *hard ones*, or at least to their *Abatement*.

Sim loves to hear of the flourishing Condition of all our *Trade*, *Manufactures*, and *Merchandise*, in all their *Branches*: He wishes to our *Fleets* Safety and Victory, and frets sadly to hear of any *Depredations* committed on our *Men of War* or *Trading Ships* either by domestic *Treachery* or foreign *Force*. He heartily prays for prosperous *Voyages* and good *Returns* to our *Merchants* (both home again, and in their *Goods* for *Gain*;) well knowing that the *Kingdom* will always be *healthful* and *sound* by such pleasant and wholesome *Gales*; and that when these things *flourish*, no People on Earth are more able or willing to *support* their *Governors* and *Government*.

He despises your tricking *Lewis Baboon* and your cowardly *Jack Olio*, as much as the best *Soldier* or *Seaman* in *England* does; and wou'd not turn his back to either of them in a Bout of *Fifty-Cuff*, or a Game at *Rip-Rap* with sturdy *English Oak*, four *Crab-tree*, or knotty *Black-thorn*, or in taking a Fall at *Wrestling* or *Grappling*.

He wishes well to all his *Country-men* at *Gibraltar*; and particularly to an honest *Captain* there who married into the *Scriblerian* Family, and who us'd frequently to take a Cup of *Nappy* with him.

In short, no body loves his *King*, his *Country*, or true *Country-men*, better than honest *Sim*. And

M

now

now, *Will. Whiston*, produce me a better if thou canst (according to his *Station and Ability*) out of all that have ever been at thy *Primitive Library*. And do thou, *O Gordon*, shew me a better out of all *Scotland*.

And now for *Sim's Law-Principles*.

He has a vast *Veneration* for *Laws Divine*; and *Humane* so far as they are founded on *Divine*. He respects and pays all due *Obedience* to all lawful *Authorities*, and cannot endure lawless Creatures, those *Monsters* in Nature, any more than *I myself* can. I say my *Cous. Sim*, and I *Andrew his Cousin* love, value, reverence, and obey the *Laws*: But we abhor the *Corruption* and *Tyranny* of putting *Laws* in *Execution*, from the *High-Court* of C——y to the meanest *monthly Sessions* of *Country Justices*. And we disapprove of the *Multiplicity* of *Laws*.

I remember a passage in a Letter from the *Lord Burleigh* to *Sir Francis Walsingham* at *Paris*; (pag. 94. of the complete *Ambassador*, by *Sir Dudley Diggs*;) which is this—"Our Parliament is daily new with Child with projects for *Laws*, that I was never more weary."

Have not our *Parliaments* ever since been thus new with Child? ever since been generating, breeding, hatching, groaning, and bringing forth of new *Laws*; *Law upon Law*, and *Statute upon Statute*; till they have swell'd them to such a *Magnitude*, that, like *Whiston's Writings* and *Antiquity*, they will almost load a *Cart* or a *Waggon*? are they not so multiply'd that they are a *Plague* and a *Perplexity* even to the *Lawyers* themselves? and do we not perceive that the most *Ingenious* of them hardly know what to do with, or to say to them?

I likewise remember a pertinent *Hint* which you shall have from *Mr. Moleworth's History of Denmark*; which is an ingenious Book; and I won't speak against

against it, tho I am *prejudic'd* against his religious *Principles*, and his base and inhumane *Treatment* of the Clergy. In this Book he very lively describes the *Miseries* of an absolute and tyrannical *Monarchy*, which the poor *Subjects* of that Kingdom undergo. God help *those* and all other poor *Creatures* under such *Governments*, who have as good *Souls* and *Bodies* as their *Kings*. And how those People were at once *slam'd* out of their *Liberties* at *Copenhagen*, the *Metropolis*, is worthy of the *Observation* of the *Curious* and the *Inquisitive* ! After he has enumerated and set forth the *Oppressions* and *Inconveniences* of that Government, he presents us with a short Catalogue of its *Conveniencies* ; among which, if I have not *forgotten*, the chief are these——That their *Laws* are all contain'd in a little *Volume*——that there are no tedious *Suits*——no *Delays*, *Tricks*, or *Procrastinations* of *Lawyers*——that every Man may *plead* his own *Cause* ; (and why may not every Man, that will, *plead* his own *Cause* and be *heard* here, as well as every Man be his own *Priest*, *Preacher*, and *Teacher* ?)——and lastly, that the *King* often comes into *Court*, hears *Causes*, decides *Controversies*, and does *Justice* speedily and *impartially*.

Now tho *Sim* and *I* may not plead for such a *Conciseness* of a body of *Laws*, yet surely it wou'd become the *Wisdom* of our *Parliaments* to begin to *hold* their *Hands* a little ; to have done *multiplying* *Game* and other *Acts* ; to think of *Lopping*, *Cropping*, *Pruning*, *Triming*, *Curtailing*, *Docking*, *Abridging*, and *Contracting* ! Which will cost them a great deal of *time* to do as they ought : and will require the *Assistance* of the wisest, the learnedest, the honestest, and most judicious *Heads* in the *Nation*. And I am afraid that we shall want some *Snells* for such a *Work*.

Pray, Gentlemen of the *long Robe*! where is the so much boasted *Excellency* of our *Laws*? How can things be so very *excellent* which are so very *burdensome*? and how can things be so very *burdensome*, and not be *grievous* and *intolerable*?

What more *grievous* than the tedious and vastly expensive *Suits* in C——y? I cou'd name a *Family* which I know that has had a *Suit* there for the *Recovery* of *Legacies*, depending at least *eight* or *nine Years*, and they have had *Decrees* both from the *late* and the *present* L——d C———r, and yet what thro' the *Shifts*, the *Villany* and *Perjury* and *Bribery* of the *Defendant*, and the *Corruption* of the *Subaltern Officers*, *Clarks*, &c. the poor *Complainants* have not yet receiv'd a *Farthing*; tho some have liv'd upon *Charity* from their relations almost all this while; and at last none of them will receive hardly above half their *Principal*, and none of the *Interest*!

What more *barbarous* than when a *Landlord* takes a *Distress*, suppose for *fifty Pounds*, and the *Tenant's Stock* is apprais'd at *one Hundred and Forty* or *one Hundred and Fifty*, that *Bum-Bayliffs*, those relentless *Catch-poles* shou'd stay and devour all the rest, and sell it at what *rates* they please? And appraise it as they please?

You'll say perhaps——that they are *sworn Appraisers*!

But what signify the *Oaths* of such perjur'd, forsworn, carnivorous *Barbarians*? Can no way be found out both for *Landlord* and *Tenant* to receive *Justice* each?

Again it may be said that such *Proceedings* of *Bayliffs* are unlawful!

But who will call them to an *Account*? And what signifies *suing* such beggarly, lawless *Rascals*? Who in such pitiable and poor *Circumstances* has

has any *Money* to purchase *Justice*? And who is so *charitable* or *Publick-spirited* as to stand by, protect, and *patronize* such a poor and worthy *Object*? I observe that it is the general *Practice* of the *World*, to *sink* poor Men when they are going down in the *World*, rather than to *help* and save them, And therefore I am almost *tempted* to think, that if the *Country* arose and knockt *Bayliffs* on the Head, whilst they are committing such abominable *Cruelties*, it wou'd be no more harm than to kill a *Highwayman*, a *Wolf*, a *Tyger*, or any *Beast of Prey*:

What more provoking than to see Men *laugh'd*, *banter'd*, and *buffoon'd* out of a good Cause at an *Affize*?

And what more ridiculous than for a Man to pretend to *settle* his *Estate*, in any *manner* whatsoever, when for a six or seven Pound *Job* of one *Fine, en sur les Droit*, his whole *Design* and *Intent* is *defeated*?

What more vexatious and *intolerable* than to be toss'd from *Court* to *Court*; from *Common Law* to *Chancery* and *Exchequer*—and from *Chancery* and *Exchequer* to *Common Law* again —and at last, after many Years *Soufing*, *Soaking*, *Sobing*, *Ducking*, and *Keel-haling*, to be *drag'd* before the *Upper House*, which perhaps may *undo* all that has been done elsewhere? If there be a *Dernier Resort*, is it not the *better* the *sooner* we come at it? For what signify the *Decrees* and *Determinations* of all other *Courts*, if the last can *overthrow* them all!

But if it were not for *these* and such-like *Proceedings*, how cou'd such immense Sums and *Estates* be *amass'd* together? How cou'd a *Vernon* have got near, or quite, one *Hundred thousand Pounds*? *Gentlemen*, look into a little *Book* intitled *the Grandeur of the Law*, and see the vast
Estates

Estates and Families of *Noblemen* and others which have been *rais'd* by the Law! Pray, when did a *Clergyman* raise a great Estate out of his *Church-Preferment*? Instances are very few of this sort, if any: I do not pretend to know what may be done hereafter by such *Clergymen* as depart from their true, honest, and Orthodox Church-of-England Principles. But *Examples* there are enow of Estates being *plunder'd* from the *Clergy*.

I must tell you, O all ye *Lawyers*, together with *Doctors of Physick*, that the *Clergy* quite out-do you both in *Oratory*, *Stile*, and *Language*; (as I have heard voluntarily confess'd by some of the *Law* and *Physic* Gown;) and also in all parts of *Learning* taken together. And tho ye may *glout*, *flout*, and *pout* ever so much, I will say that the general Part of the *Clergy* know as much of your *Law* and *Physick*, as ye do of their *Divinity*, either in *Theory* or *Practice*. And I am asham'd for you, that ye shou'd so *despise* them, and *join with* and *encourage* the World to *abuse* them, and that ye seem to have no way to *raise* your own *Characters* and *Professions* but on the *Ruins* of the *Clergy's*. Toland according to his usual *Irish* Moderation and Justice, puts you all upon a *Level*, Lawyer, Physician, and Divine, and is for *parting* with you all, and for having nothing to do with any of you, in that *Ballad* which he has inserted at the latter end of his *Preface*, to that *impudent*, lying, and *scurrilous* Piece call'd *Tetradymus*, quoted and expos'd by *Cous. Sim.* pag. 32, &c. of his *Whistoneutes*. But the clever Mr. Owen makes you all to be very necessary Gentlemen, and calls you all by the Name of the *Ghostly Fathers*, in his pretty *Epigram* under that *Thesis*—as follows—

*Integra Causidico narranda est causa perito,
Et Medico morbus, Crimina Theologo.*

Qui

*Qui vis Fortunas, Animam, Corpusque tueri,
His Tribus in vita dissimulato nihil.*

Owen's Epigr. pag. 131. of the
small Amster. Edit.

Ye see, Gentlemen, how it was formerly;——
that ye walk'd together as *Friends*; and that one as
well as the other was equally useful in his *Profession*.
But it is not so now; the *Case* is now alter'd, as
said the great Lawyer *Plowden*; and the two for-
mer have demolish'd the third.

And here my *Cous. Sim*, and I *Andrew his Cousin*,
are desir'd in the name and behalf of all the
Clergy of South-Britain to put a few *Questions* to
some Gentlemen in the E———r and else-
where.

Pray, *Gentlemen*, whose *Opinions* must those poor,
forlorn, neglected, friendless, destitute *Gentlemen*
stand by; *Mr. Pengelly's*, or his immediate *Pre-
decessor's*, or your own? Why must a *Case* be good
this *Term*, and not the next? Why must a *Modus*
be bad this Year, and *substantial* the next? And
when ye have *bastinado'd* them amongst you in
Town, why do you send them into the *Country* to
be *strapado'd* by the merciless *Boors*?

Pray be so *impartial* as to let them know what
they must *abide by*; and then they will know what
they have to do. What have they done to *disoblige*
you? Many of them (under your *Favour*) are
as great, as good, as honest, as judicious, as
learned, tho not so rich as yourselves: I shou'd
wonder indeed if they were. *Who are ye? Who
maketh you to differ from others? And what is it
which ye yourselves have not receiv'd?*

They are *Britons* too, free *Britons* as well as
yourselves: and are therefore as much intitled
to their *Rights* and the Protection of the *Laws* as
any others whatever: And all must appear before
the *Judgment-Seat of Christ*.

The

The *Clergy* dearly buy and purchase their *Tythes* before they have them; and when they *have* them, they as dearly *earn* their *Tyth-Bread* every Day of their Lives. Why then must they be *cheated* and *depriv'd* of them? Have none of you any *Tythes*, those pretty *Appendages* and *Appurtenances*, belonging, or in any wise appertaining to your *Estates*, or to any *Part* or *Parcel* thereof? If so, why do ye *insist* on them? And what *better* Right have *you* to yours than the *Clergy* have to theirs?—If ye have no *Tythes* your *selves*, yet at least as *many*, and I believe, a great many *more* of the *Laity* have than the *Clergy*; and, I beseech you, what do *they* do for them? Why perhaps out of the *Tythes* and *Glebe* which formerly belong'd to the *Church*, of Three hundred Pounds a Year, they will *starve* a poor *Clergyman* with fifteen or twenty Pounds a Year, to be the despicable spiritual *Slave* of the *Parish*. I am very well assur'd that if the *Clergy* have no *Right* to *Tythes*, the *Laity* have *none*.

One of the most *barbarous*, unjust, and unmerciful D——s that, surely! was ever made against *Man*, was in the Case of a poor, honest, merry *Vicar* of about 50 l. per Annum in *Shropshire*.

It was this — A Crew of infernal *Colliers* undermin'd the poor *Vicar's* small *Glebe-Lands*. He prov'd it by *Latching* (as it is call'd; which is a way whereby they *above-ground* can tell where they are at work *under-ground* to a few Feet; some say more nicely, almost to an *Inch*;) He prov'd, I say, that this black pack of *Coal-getters* had stoln near 1000 Pounds of his Coals, as he very reasonably took them to be. But when he came to try and seek for *Damage*, he had nothing to do with the *Coals*——because they were under his *Ground* forsooth!

Just

Just as if I had no Power to sink a *Well* in my *Estate*, because I must go into the *Ground* to find *Water*; and when I have found the *Water*, I have no *Right* to it, because it is under my *Ground*!

If this poor *Vicar* had no *Right* to the *Coals*, how cou'd those *Thieves* and *Pilferers* have any? However so it was: He was *cast* and *undone*, and it broke his *Heart* and his *Pocket*, and he has left a *Widow* and five or six *Children Beggars*. And one of the *Gentlemen* concern'd in this *righteous Proceeding*, tho *alive* now, cannot be long after him, where they must appear at *God's Bar*.

What horrid *Salvoes* or sagacious *Distinctions* and *Come-offs* such Men may have, I cannot tell. In my *Opinion* such *Practices* do not carry the *Face* of *Justice*, painted *Blind*, with *Sword* and *Scales* in *Hand*, to denote *Uprightness*, *Integrity*, *Impartiality*, and *Incorruption*.—*Sic terras As-trea reliquit.*

An Instance too of the *Mercy*, *Charity*, and *Gratitude* towards this same poor *Vicar's Widow* and *Orphans* we have in a certain *Gentleman*, whom the *Vicar* thro' the whole *Course* of his *Life* serv'd in his *County-Election*, at the great *Pains*, *Trouble*, and *Expence* of his *Person*, *Spigot*, and *Pocket*. And I hope it will be a *Warning* to all *Clergy* and *Freeholders* not to be over-eager, zealous, generous, and solicitous in any great *Gentlemen's Election-Affairs*.—What ill *Treatment* hast thou and thy *Family* met with from an *ingrateful World*, for thy *good Nature* and *Generosity*, poor honest *Ferry*? I hope thou art now *happy*! and I lov'd thee, because thou wast an *harmless*, merry, laughing *Fellow*, and good *Company*. *Anima tua propitiatur Deus in aeternum.*

Another Instance I heard the other *Day*, of a *Clergyman* in *Staffordshire* being lately routed in the very same *Case* of *Tyth-wood*, which others had

succeeded in before, to the Tune of at least two hundred Pounds; and which, in all Probability, from the *Value* of his Living, the poor Gentleman won't recover at least in *seven Years*!

I query not, if another with a *longer Purse* sued me for my *Hat* on my Head, which I had honestly *bought* and paid for, and cou'd bring good *Witness* of it, but he would get it from me, and I must be forc'd to go *bare-headed*.

I was once acquainted with a very *observing* Gentleman of this City, who had *liv'd* many Years in, and *traded* all his Life-time with *Spain*; and when he heard of our *Complaints* in many *Law-Affairs*, us'd frequently to say—"They are *Priest-ridden* in *Spain*; but we are *Law-ridden* in *England*: Both which *Cases* as to being *slavish* are near *a-like*, and equally *deplorable*." And never a *Barrel* better *Herring*.+

+ And I dare
say that there
is, & has been
more

And now such Gentlemen-Lawyers may *condemn*, hang, draw, and quarter poor me *Andrew*. I will, nay I must submit to your *Righteousness*; and my *dying Words* to you shall be to

in all the
besides
tell you—"That when a *Clergyman* sues, he's forc'd to stand on his *own Bottom* against the *united Purse* and *Heads* of his *Parish*. *Two* are better than *one*; and one *Hundred* better than *two*."

Miraris clausæ quod sint tibi JUDICIS Aures,
Cum tua JUDICIBUS non sit aperta manus?

Owen Ep. p. 99. Amst. Edit. ut prædict.

Hence perhaps my Doubts and Difficulties may be *solvd*, as in the *aforesaid* Instances, so also in the matter of that accursed *Man-slayer*, that insatiable, all-devouring *Cannibal* H—gg—s.
—Hum!

—Hum! Hum! Hum!—Haw! Haw! Haw!
 —Mum! Mum! Mum!—Mur! Mur! Mur!—
 And did not the Groans of *Tyburn* rend the
 Skies?

Farewel, Gentlemen!—And O all ye *Parsons*, *Vicars*, and *Curates*, as far as to the Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, take my Advice—lie *Snug*, take what's given you, tho it be not *half* your Due, tho your *Taxes* are harder than any other Men's, and tho ye be only *Tenants* for Life, and never go to *Law*; for if ye do, may ye have the same *Fate* as your *Shropshire* and *Staffordshire* Brethren. And for your *Comfort* under these Discouragements, and for the *Conduct* of your future Proceedings in these Affairs, I humbly beg of you to *read*, consider, and rightly apply *St. Paul's* 6th Chap. of his first Epistle to the *Corinthians*,—*And the Lord give you a right Understanding in all things.*

And now I do here in the Name of my *Cous.* *Sim* and my *self* loudly and solemnly cry in open Court, and *plead* in our Behalf and Cause—that we sincerely love and respect the *Law* strip'd of *Corruptions* and Abuses, as we do Religion in native *Beauty* free from *Superstition*, *Atheism*, and *Infidelity*.

And if I cannot be *heard*, do you O *malapert* L——t (with a *fal*, *la*, *lant*, *lant-a-down*, *hey lant-a-down*, *lantrey-down-derry*,) or other *Cryer*, call and tell the Honourable *John Willes* Esq; his Majesty's Chief Justice of *Chester*, the Honourable Mr. *Verney*, Mr. Serjeant *Hawkins*, Mr. Serjeant *Skinner*, and Mr. Serjeant *Corbet*, that I bear a hearty *Veneration*, *Love*, and *Esteem* for *them* and all such honest, well-dispos'd, and *deserving* Gentlemen;—that they are good and sound *Lawyers*, solid *Arguers*, and fine *Pleaders*;—and that

they wou'd *shine* in any *Post* of their own *Profession*, or in any way of *Life*.

Tell the whole *Court* that *Serjeant Hawkins* is a *Pattern* even for *Divines* to *imitate* in *Theological Learning*, *Humility*, *Modesty*, and in *Virtue*, *sincere Piety*, and true *Religion*.

Tell *Serjeant Skinner* that there's no *Love* lost between *him* and the *Clergy*; that they do and will *love* him as heartily as he does or can them for the *Soul* of him; and that my *Cous. Sim* and *I Andrew his Cousin* shou'd be very glad, when he has an *Evening* to spare, to crack an innocently merry *Bottle* with him; for he's a most *affable*, good-natur'd, ingenious, courteous, facetious, and generous *Gentleman*.

And tell honest *Serjeant Corbet* that he is not poison'd with *Whistonism* tho he lived within the *Hogs* of the *Primitive Library* in *Cross-street Hatton-Garden*. And be sure, *Cryer*, that you give my most humble *Service* and *Respects* to their very good and virtuous *Consorts*.

Indeed neither my *Cous. Sim* nor *I* are afraid to *declare* to the *World*, that we despise an old canker'd *Miller*, a partial *Priest-hating Pengelly*, (that spurious Son of *Dick Cromwell* as I have heard) and a *proud*, passionate, self-conceited, obstinate, pettish, touchy, restiff, fiery, headstrong, malicious ———. Ye have him in *propriis coloribus*; find him out if you can; take him amongst you; and make the best of him that ye can, *Gentlemen*, and allow me *Scribere cum Dapbo*.

And now by the *leave* of the worthy and honest *Gentlemen* just named, and of such *others*, I desire to speak a word or two to the young *Disciples*.

Heark ye then, O all ye *Prigs* of the *Temple*, and elsewhere, and *Sprigs* of the *Law*! Let me *examine* you a little in order to teach you how to *examine Witnesses*,

We

We, the *aforesaid* Simon my Cousin, and I Andrew his Cousin are desir'd in the Name and Behalf of the *Clergy of South-Britain*, to ask you the *Reason* why, if any of them happen to come within your *Verge*, there is such *staring*, such *gaping* at them? Indeed they are no *Monsters*; for verily they are *Togati Brethren*.

Why, if any of them come into the *Precincts* of your *Coffee-houses*, to see if they can pick out a *worthy ingenious Gentleman* amongst you, there's such a *laughing*, and *sneering*, and *pointing*, and *hissing* like a parcel of *Snakes* without *Stings*? We are sure ye cannot *hiss* out *Law* so fast.

Why is it, that when ye young *Spark-Barristers* are on the *Circuit*, and *Clergymen* happen to meet you on the *Road*, or stand at their *Gates* to gaze at you (I am sorry they can't spend that time better) and they civilly *pull off* their *Hats* to you, that ye *ride* carelessly by, or *talk* and *laugh* at them to one another for their good *Breeding*? We are sure your *Heads* are not yet *over-loaded* with *Cook*, neither are ye likely to receive many *Breves*, as hastily and carelessly and grandly as ye seem to ride on with your *Arms*, *Holsters*, *Trapings*, and *Prancing Steeds*. *Cous. Sim* serves on *Juries*, and he observes what wretched, miserable *Work* ye make in *opening* a *Cause*, and what a *Hacking* and *Hewing* there is about it, tho ye have *Brief* in *Hand*; but wanting *Law* in *Pate*, ye are afterwards glad to get out of the *Scuffle*, to sit down, and to be as mute as *Fishes*.

Are ye *angry* that any of the *Clergy* are as well *born*, *bred*, and *educated* as your *selves*? And that *most* of them are more *Honest* and *Learned* than yourselves?

Or do you hate them for *flogging* in at your *Posteriors* that little *Learning* which most of you have?

Or

Or are ye *envious* that they wear *Gowns* as well as yourselves? Truly your own are much *finer*, and set off with *Flippers* and *Flappets* and *Lappets*, and most gracefully roll'd-up open *Sleeves*, that ye may shew your *Ruffles*; and with *Leading-strings*, which most of you stand in great need of.

Do not you like that they shou'd wear *Bands*? Indeed *honest Faces*, like theirs, do not need any. And theirs are *plain*, and of a moderate Size; but behold! yours are *magnificent* and sumptuous, and have a fine *Pleat*, *Turn-over*, or *Furbelow* in the Middle of each *Pinner*.

Do not their *Perriwigs* please you? Theirs are little cut-tail'd *Bobs*; yours are *Two-legged*, *Sheep-tail'd*, and *Knotted*; and when ye become *King's Council*, *Serjeants*, or *Judges*, ye may wear *Wigs* dependent on each side of your *Faces*, which will make you look as *venerable* as if ye had *Constitutional Beards*: Nay, ye will exceed *Whiston* and his *Disciples*, in that ye will be *doubly* bearded.

Does a *Clergyman's Bever* exceed your *skimming-dish Hats* in Latitude? When ye become *Reverend Judges*, ye will wear *Reverend Bevers*.

Are you displeas'd at their plain *black* or *gray* Clothes? Behold ye appear in your *Scarlets*, your *green Sattin* Waistcoats bedaub'd with *Lace*, your *Velvet* Breeches, your fine *lac'd* Shirts, and in an hundred more *Fopperies*.

Cannot ye let *civil*, harmless and peaceable Gentlemen alone, and behave yourselves like Gentlemen as ye pretend to be, and not return *Evil* for *Good*? *Sim* and I hate *Fops*, *Prigs*, and *Coxcombs* in all sorts of long Robes; as indeed we do all such out of them.

And here you Counsellor B——— h! *Sim* desires you may be put in mind that your Father was *Prebendary of Westminster*, and *Minister of St. Brides*; and declares if he had been in *Town*, he wou'd have

have undertaken you when you pleaded for *Woolston*. But we hope you are *asham'd* of it by this time, and have heard of the *Fickleness* and *Inconstancy* of your *Temper* and *Genius*.

Gentlemen! Before you set up to dispute in *Divinity*, and to harangue and dispute for *Whiston*, *Woolston*, *Gordon*, and such *Animals*, in *Coffee-houses* or elsewhere, understand your own *Profession*; and if ever ye expect or desire to come up to the *Standard* of those great and worthy *Gentlemen* which I have named, and others, ye must study hard, and take the following *Method*, or something like it, in my *Opinion*.

I will suppose, as ye are *Gentlemen* of good *Families*, and have gone thro' a Course of *Education*, that ye understand the *Latin* Tongue, and *Logick*, or the *Art of Reasoning* well; for which let me remind you that ye are beholden to the *Clergy* for teaching you. If any of you have forgot what was taught you thro' the *Gaieties* or *Debaucheries* of the *Town*, or never understood any thing of the pure *Latin* Stile, and can only construe the barbarous *Dog-Law-Latin*, *Sim* and I may translate some Books in the *Civil Law* for your *Instruction*, if ye amend your *Doings*.

First then, besides your *School* and *Academical* Learning, we think it proper that ye read and study the *Law of Nations* in general, or the *Civil Law*. And for this purpose take *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, *Justinian's Institutions*, *Ridley's View* with *Gregory's Notes*, *Duck de autoritate Juris Civilis*.

Then proceed to your *Law-Dictionary*, and get and understand your *Terms* well, in order to make you distinguish clearly, and not to mangle, puzzle, and confound.

Then go on to your *Cook* upon *Littleton*, *Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown*, and others. *Reports*, *Statutes*, &c.

Then

Then *study* and *consider*, and *compare*, and *digest* well in your *Minds* and *Common-place-Books* orderly and methodically.

Then read *State-Trials*, &c. where you will find the *Stress* and *Turns* of the Law, good *Pleadings*, and *Speeches*.

After this, *Gentlemen*, it will be highly necessary to look over the *Clark's Guides*, *Books of Precedents*, and consider well the Nature, Force, Use, and Design of *Bills*, *Bonds*, *Notes*, *Articles*, *Indentures*, *Conveyances*, *Covenants*, *Bargains*, *Contracts*, *Agreements*, *Sales*, *Fines*, *Recoveries*, *Leases*, and *Releases*, *Partnerships* and *Co-Partnerships*, *Revocations*, *Reservations*, *Provisions* and *Provisoes*, *Considerations*, *Exceptions*, *Notwithstanding*s, *Letters of Attorney*, *Warrants of Attorney*, *Writs*, *Appearances*, *Mortgages*, *Licenses of Lawyers*, *Charters*, *Acts* and *Deeds* of all Sorts, *Willingments* and *Unwillingments*, *Bills*, *Answers*, *Replications*, *Rejoinders*, *Statutes*, *Recoveries*, *Recognisances*, *Judgments*, *Seizures* of all Sorts, *Fees* of all Sizes, *Distresses*; *Replevins*, *Confiscations*, *Committments*, *Assignments*, *Judgments*, *Extents*, *Capias's*, *Partitions*, *Jointures*, *Survivorships*, *Engagements*, *Defeazances*, *Surrenders*, *Imprisonments*, *Redemptions*, *Imprimis's*, *Items*, *Toties* *Quoties*, *Again* and *Agains*, *Ends*, *Uses*, *Engrossments*, *Gainages*, *Applications*, *Renewals*; the *Habenda* and *Reddenda*, *Certioraries*, *Raree-shows*, and all *Tricks* and *Performances* of all *Law-Tools*, *Engines*, *Snares*, *Nets*, *Traps*, (both *Steel-spring* and *Coffer-Traps*) *Trammels*, *Tunnils*, *Ropes*, *Halters*, *Axes*, *Hooks*, *Long Nut-hooks*, *Baits*, *Lures*, *Stalking-Horses*, *Low-bells*, *Lark-calls*, *Quail-pipes*, *Owl-pipes*, and of all *Game-tricks*, *Game-Bulls*, *Implements*, *Instruments*, *Inticements*, *Inchantments*, *Bewitchments*, *Conjurements*, and *Law-Devilments* whatsoever.

For *Ecclesiastical Law*, which the *common Law* has almost wholly engross'd, Take along with you
Godol-

phin's Abridgment, Degg, Watson, Clergyman's Vade mecum, and, above all, the great and learned Dr. Gibson's Codex.

And now I mention *Ecclesiastical Law*, I declare, that I really *dislike* the Abuses of *Spiritual Courts*, such as their abominable *Commutations*, and fleecing poor Fellows for *Fornication*; and *ignorantly Marrying* sometimes within the forbidden *Degrees*; yet I am very sure that it will never mend the matter, by taking business out of those *Church-Mice's Hands*, the *Proctors*, and putting it into the *Paws of Attorneys*. It will be only out of the *Frying-pan into the Fire*.

To proceed *Gentlemen!* — When ye are tired with your crabbed *Law Study* (for it is really so) divert yourselves with ingenious *Plays*, *Poetry*, and *Classics*; these will furnish you with polite *Language* and *Words a propos*. But chiefly read, remember, and mark *Tully*, that *Roman King of Orators*; he's an *Orator* like an *Orator*; he'll teach you to *declaim* forcibly, rationally, and handsomely; not like that *pretending*, affected *Puppy*, *Henley the Oratorian*; tho he, like the *Magpye* (for a *Jay* has pretty *Feathers*) plumes himself with *Tully's* name of *Orator*; and intices you to hear his *Bombast* and *Scandal*, and to see his *Jack-a-Dandy's Anticks*, his *Tossings*, his *Flingings*, his *Pointings*, his *Stretchings*, his *Starings*, his *Gapings*, his *Winkings*, his *Twinkings*, his *Noddings*, his *Aimings*, his *Floutings*, and what not, to supply the place of good *Sense*, sober *Reason*, sound *Divinity*, and upright, honourable, and fair *Dealing*.

In the *Evening*, *Gentlemen*, look out some ingenious *Companions*, and take half a Pint or a Pint of *Wine* a-piece, and talk over your *Studies*, and improve one another in your *Profession* and *Virtue*; and leave off your *Nocturnal Goings* to the *Plays*

(unless it be now and then to a good one, and read it before you go), to the *Masquerade*, and to visit the Daughters of the old *Dams* of *Drury-Lane* and elsewhere. If ye are at Home in an Evening, barricade well your Doors to keep out your Female *Haunters*. For, *Gentlemen*, let me tell you, by the *Oratorian's* leave, that it is by these your criminal *Practices* that there are such *Mists*, *Fumes*, and *Vapours*, to cloud your *Consciences* and *Brains* to so great a *degree*, as to make you ignorant whether ye stand on your *Heads* or your *Heels*, and bewilder you so totally as to lead you to lay violent *Hands* on yourselves! This is the *Source* of your Misfortunes; and to *this* must be ascrib'd your so frequent *Self-murdering*, *Self-stabbing*, *Self-shooting*, and *Self-hanging* Actions, and not to the *Fogs* arising from the *River Thames*, or to *Roman Bravery*, which is no more visible amongst you, than *Christian Fortitude* or *Grace* is conspicuous.

Gentlemen, If ye do not take my *Advice*, how can we expect but that *Justice* and *Judgment* which will pass thro' such nasty foul Pipes and *Conveyances*, must needs be most corrupt and polluted?

Farthermore *Gentlemen*! Let me advise you before ye set up for *Politicians*, and presume to judge and hang either *Whig* or *Tory*, *Courtier* or *Patriot*; and instead of spending all your precious *Time* in *Coffee-houses*, *Toy-shops*, and *Milliners-shops*;—to read the *Histories* of *Kingdoms* and *Commonwealths*, particularly those of *Greece* and *Rome*; and chiefly the *History* of your own *Country* contain'd in the following Books—*Milton's History of England*—*Sir Will. Temple's Introduction*—*Daniel Trussel's Continuation of Daniel*—*Sir John Hayward's Henry 4th*—*Godwin's Henry 5th*—*Hattington's Edward 4th*—*Sir Tho. More's Richard 3d*—*Lord Bacon's Henry 7th*—*Lord Herbert's Henry 8th*—*Sir John Hayward's Edward 6th*—*Bishop Godwin's*

win's Annals of *Queen Mary* — *Camden's Elizabeth* — *Wilson's James I.* — *Lord Clarendon* — *Eachard* — *Salmon* — and *Tindal's Translation of the French*. Not forgetting the most learned and worthy *Dr. Gibson's Edition of Camden's Britannia*.

When ye have read *these* and your *Law*, ye perhaps will learn *Modesty*, and not to be rash with your *Mouths*, and will be better *qualify'd* to serve your selves and your Country, and to *understand* it's Constitution.

For your *Encouragement*, Gentlemen, to mind your *Studies*, I will lay before you the great *Profit* of your *Law-Profession* till ye can mount the *Bench*. And this I will do in three *Epigrams* taken from the ingenious *Jack Owen*. As I have hitherto quoted him in the *Original*, I will now *translate* him a little, in *usum Ignorantium*. That true Briton *Jack Owen*, for which reason my *Cous. Sim* and I claim *Kindred* to him. That *English Martial*, *Jack Owen*, as he is justly call'd by all learned *Foreigners*; and indeed I give him the *Preference* to the *Roman Martial*, both because his *Latin* is as good, and the *Turns* and *Stings* of his *Epigrams* wittier and sharper pointed. And the Reason of this I attribute to his being a *Christian*. For wherever the light of the *Gospel* appears, there every thing *shines* and flourishes: where it does not, or is willfully *extinguish'd*, there nothing but *Darkness*, *Error*, *Ignorance*, and *Brutality* prevail. Hence it is that all *Christian Countries* have out done all *Heathen* or *Mahometan Countries* in all polite *Arts* and *Sciences*, and in true *Valour*; for good *Christians* are as wise as *Serpents*, innocent as *Doves*, merry as *Crickets*, and bold as *Lions*.

The First is upon *Mark the Lawyer.*

*Thy Client's cause thou plead'st not, but thy own ;
Who for thee, not himself, brings Gold to Town.
The Law's a Lottery to him, not thee ;
Thou'rt a sure Gainer, and a Loser He.*

Owen's Epigr. p. 51. of the little Amsterdam Edition.

The next is upon the *Lawyer's Four Terms.*

*The first of Terms they from Saint Michael call :
Your Lawyer likes that Angel * best of all.
Hilary Term comes next : a name most pat ;
It makes the Lawyer laugh till he grows fat.
The Third's well nam'd from Easter : if you look,
The Lawyer then gathers his Easter-Book.
Trinity-Term's the last : there is, d'ye see,
In every Cause a crafty Trinity,
Judge, Lawyer, Client, tho no Unity.* }

Owen p. 223. same Edition.

A Lawyer may be very justly compar'd to *Balaam's Ass* ; for he cannot open his Mouth, he will not speak, he has no Utterance, till he spies an Angel.

Another is upon *Axle-tree Grease, or Wheel-Ointment.*

If you don't grease your Waggon-Wheel, 'twill squeak ;

If you don't grease your Lawyer, He'll not Speak.

Owen p. 233. same Edition.

* A piece of Gold formerly stamp'd with the Effigies of Saint Michael.

Who wou'd but be a *Lawyer*? I must here give this publick *Notice* to Men of all *Professions*, that if they will destroy the *Clergy*, many of them are prepar'd to *plead*, to be *Chamber-Council*, and *Conveyancers*; some are qualify'd to prescribe in *Physick*; others understand our *Constitution*, and have the *Interest* of their Country at Heart, and expect to represent the *Burroughs* in *Parliament*; and I know abundance that are *brave*, *bold*, *stout*, and *lusty* Men, and good *Mathematicians*, who as they *deserve*, expect good *Posts* and *Commissions* in the *Army*, and to be *Engineers*. But,

Lastly, *Gentlemen*, let me advise you to attend your *Church* constantly, and to behave yourselves decently in *Publick Prayer*, remembring whose *Court* you are in, and before whose *Throne*, and *Majesty* ye stand; and do not be playing with your bawbling *Snuff-Boxes*; but attentively *listen* to the sweet *Voice*, and smooth, charming, and polite *Language*, fine *Reasoning*, irrefragable *Argument*, and sound *Divinity* of your *Master*; that excellent *Preacher*, that modest, genteel, good-natur'd, and every way accomplish'd *Prelate*.

B^p Sherlock

Look to it, *Gentlemen*! We shall have a *List* of your Names, and *Accounts* of your future Behaviour on the *Circuits* and elsewhere, and if ye do not mend your *Manners*, correct your *Errors*, and turn over a *new Leaf*, we will not spare to give you the *Hearing* as publickly as ye *commit* your Faults. If ye *mend*, all will be *well*, and the *Clergy* will be *Friends*, and will commend you; which they *need not* do, because your good *Actions*, and nothing else, can *recommend* you.

So farewell young *Gentlemen-Boys*, the *Striplings* of the *Law*!

Now I will entertain you with *Sim's* Observations on *Country Justices*.

He

He has a vast Veneration for Sir John Gonson, whose *Charges*, most learned and ingenious, he has always read with Pleasure, and they have given him a great deal of *Satisfaction* and *Instruction*; and he most humbly begs of Sir John to print them in a little *Volume*, with some of his *Directions* to *Justices*, for the publick Good. He thinks that if every *County* had two or three such understanding, worthy, active and honest *Magistrates* in it, the *King's* and *Kingdom's* Business wou'd go on much better than it has done. He likewise loves and esteems highly all other good *Magistrates*, who set good *Examples*, and administer *Justice*, and execute the *Laws* impartially according to their *Knowledge*, tho they do not come up to Sir John.

(12) In the Year 1723. when the *Government* order'd all the *Kingdom*, *Male* and *Female*, who were possess'd of *Lands* and *Jointures*, to take the *Oaths*, *Sim*, tho he had taken them before, and also when he was *High-Constable*, went with his Neighbours to the *Quarter-Sessions*. They come into *Court*; and *Sim* looks on the *Justices* all of a Row on the *Bench*, and *Mr. Chair-man* in the Middle. Presently they are call'd to get on the *Table* (which the wise *Lawyers* surround at the *Affizes*, and the prating *Attorneys* at the *Sessions*;) which they did in such a *Number*, that *Sim*, as you have heard, being pretty weighty, expected every Moment for to break down.

(12) Then *Mr. Clark of the Peace* presented a little *Testament* about half as big as *Sim's Fist*; and bid them all lay their *Hands* on it. A stout *Country Fellow*, like *Sim*, took it in his hand, and grasp'd half of it; then one got a fore *Finger* on it, then another a *Thumb*, then a fourth a middle *Finger*, and so on; where they held their *Hold* as long as they cou'd, till they were jostled off by others.

For

For let me tell you, that our Country-Freeholders are well catechiz'd and taught by their Parish-Priests, and are learn'd to have respect unto, and to revere an Oath, and do not think it a trifling matter, as some may do: And if the King commands them to swear Allegiance to him, they will swear heartily, and in earnest, and will fight for him stoutly and sincerely too, if occasion be.

At last they were glad to lay Hand on Hand, ⁽²⁾ The careless
Thumb on Thumb, Finger on Finger, Arm on Arm, ^{indecent manner of administering the oaths to government}
and some to stand on Tiptoe, and reach over the other's Shoulders, and many to gape on.

Then the Clark of the Peace proclaim'd Peace, ^{1705 d. - For}
(tho there was no Peace or Silence kept, but Noise ^{why should the}
and Talk all around, and the Justices themselves ^{civil officers be}
Laughing and Talking all the while) and bid the ^{oblig'd to decency in the execution & discharge of their offices}
Jurors or Swearers speak after him Sentence by ^{as well as the ecclesiastical}
Sentence. Then there was such a Charm and a ^{why should these a}
Din, that Sim had much ado to forbear keeping ^{the very}
the Justices company, in bursting out into a loud ^{thing belonging to them, be constantly made the objects of his}
Laughter, which he is very subject to; nay the ^{Kingdom's scorn}
Cry was so very much exalted to the highest Pitch ^{the contempt which others deserve}
of Vocal Organ, that not one word cou'd be understood or distinguish'd which was said by any Body. ^{it much more}
Sim really thinks that if a Man had said——
HICCIUS DOCCIUS, HOCUS POCUS,
TANTARA-RARO, TANTARA, TAN-
TARA, TANTIVEY, TANTIVEY, TAN-
TWIVEY,—O THESE DAMNABLE DOCTORS AND PHYSICIANS,—THESE STUPID ROGUES, ROGUE-ATTORNEYS, CLARKS OF THE PEACE, AND OTHERS,—THESE SILLY GRINING PARTY-JUSTICES,—THESE CURSED INDEPENDENT-WHIGS, —THESE RUMBLING OATHS——it wou'd have pass'd as well. What think ye, Readers?

Before

Before or after which (*Sim* has forgot which it was) the *Clark of the Peace* held forth the King's Sermon, I mean that he read the King's *Proclamation* against *Immorality* and *Vice*; Which I look on to be the King's Sermon, a *Royal Sermon*, and a good Sermon, *Orthodox*, *Kingly Doctrine*; which if his *Subjects* from the highest to the lowest do not obey, I think he has very little reason to depend on their *Loyalty*, be their *Pretensions* to it ever so great. For those who will sell their *Souls*, dice and card away their *Religion* and *Estates*, destroy their *Bodies* by *Debaucheries*, affront their *Maker*, and ridicule their *Saviour*, will also, as their *Necessities* oblige them, sell their *King* and *Country* too to the best *Bidder*; by *Auction*, and *Inch of Candle*; by *Knock of the Hammer*, or *Chop on the Block*. *Sape Probatum fuit*.

Sim says that the *Clark of the Peace's* *Tone* in which he read this excellent Sermon was so *nauseous*, without *Rise* or *Fall*, that he was ready to *keck*, *heave*, and *reach*. 'Tis pity so good a *Discourse* shou'd be spoil'd and murder'd by such *Underlings*. I think it ought to be read by the *Chairman*; which perhaps may keep him and his *Brethren* on the *Right* and *Left* from *Sneering* and *Laughing* while it is read.

O *Gordon*, are there not promising *Fruits* budding and growing from thy *Independent-Whig Principles*? See what excellent *Subjects* as well as *Christians* are thriving and increasing from thy *Stock*!

At last up gets *Mr. Chairman*. Silence was again *proclaim'd*; and *Sim* turn'd up his *Auricular Drum*, in hopes to have heard some pleasant *Grenadeer* or *Dragoon March*: But *Mr. Chairman* with his *Drum-stick* laid unmercifully on petty *Larceny*, and so sat down again to rest and wipe his *Fore-Front*, and his empty *Drum-head*. There was

was not one Word of the *Pudding* ; not a Syllable of the *Reason* of the raising of all this *Hubbub* and *Halloo*.

Well, quoth *Sim* to *himself*, if I had been where *Mr. Chairman* was, methinks I wou'd have accosted the Country thus——

Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Neighbours and Countrymen ! (*For the more plain and familiar ye are with honest true-hearted Country Britons, the more ye win them.*)

Ye, as well as my self and Brethren on the Bench, are here call'd together this Day by our most Gracious King's Royal Command and Authority, in order that all ye who have Lands, and enjoy his Protection in the Possession of them, shou'd take an Oath to be true, hearty, and loyal to his Person and Government : Both which are now threatned by the restless Attempts of Papists and other Friends to a Popish Pretender, who seek to destroy our best of King's Person, and those of our most flourishing and promising Royal Family ; in whose Peace, Safety, and Protection, is wrapt up the Preservation (under God) of our Religion, Lives, Liberties, and Estates. The present King and his Royal Issue were the Choice, and are the Darlings of all true English-men : They are the only Persons of the Royal Family who are fit to rule over us ; the rest being Papists, and consequently Enemies to whatever is dear to us as Christians, as Church of England-men, and as a free People, who hate Slavery, and will fight for Liberty !

Friends and Countrymen !

The King does not now distrust you : the Scotch who began the unnatural Rebellion against him, and came here in an Army, and encourag'd and intic'd many of our unthinking English-men to join with them, are routed, dispers'd, punish'd, and quieted. But his

P

Majesty

among Papists Majesty having receiv'd certain Advices that there are Designs, Plots, and Conspiracies against him, both at home and abroad, he desires this Proof, this Earnest of your Love, Loyalty, and Affection, that he may be easy and satisfied, and know what he has to depend on; that so he may secure his own Person, and those of his Royal Family, and his Government, and in them the whole Nation at the least Charge and Expence. For, Gentlemen, you may be sure that the more Danger his Majesty is in, the more Enemies he has, the greater Expence he must be at, and the more Taxes must be raised. Do not then think hard or ill of these our good and gracious King's Proceedings. Justice, Prudence, and Self-Preservation, as well as the Publick Peace, oblige him thus to proceed; and there is none of us but who wou'd do the same in the like Circumstances.

Gentlemen, and ye Ladies in Particular !

Do not take it ill, or be uneasy that ye are summon'd here. Neither say, what harm can we Women do? Ye have Lands in Jointure, and some of you have Husbands : And ye Widows have Sons : and tho ye cannot bear Arms yourselves against his Majesty, yet some in the Kingdom may persuade their Husbands and Children into Rebellion.—

Neither cry out against this as a new thing, or speak against his Majesty for it : The same was done in the Reign of King James I. a hundred Years ago ; all Women then as well as Men were summon'd to take the Oaths of Allegiance or Faithfulness to his then Majesty's Person and Government, when they were in danger from Papists ; as ye are all now call'd by the same Authority and on the same Occasion. So I intreat, I beg you, to be easy.

In short, Gentlemen ! If ye hear of any Riots and Conspiracies, or any reflecting Words or treasonable Expressions or Actions whatever against our
most

most Gracious Sovereign King George, ^{acquaint} ~~against~~ us, or any of us, and we will assist you and do our Duties.—If there are any Insurrections at home, or Invasions from abroad, we will lead you, we will be your Captains, and we know that you will follow us and fight like brave Men and stout Englishmen, who will spend every drop of their Blood before they will submit to any Slavery whatever. So God save the King, and preserve our Religion, Liberty, and Country; and I am sure you will all join in an hearty Amen.

Sim remembers very well that the whole Country was very clamorous and uneasy at that Time; especially the *Women*; and when they are restless, the men are seldom at Ease. And therefore he wonder'd that no Justice, no Lawyer, Robed or Un-Robed, that attends Sessions, shou'd hit on that Act of James the First. After that Sessions he talk'd to some Justices and Lawyers and Gentlemen about it; and none of them knew any thing of the Matter. But, as he tells me, he has one huge Volume of Statutes at large, much bigger than his Parish Church-Bible, and as he was prying into it, he lighted on this Act.

Sim hates to see Justices led by the Nose and directed by their Clarks; and he hears that some go halves with them in their Fees: and then he does not wonder to see Licenses for Ale-selling sign'd to base People, who harbour and give intelligence to Whores, Rogues, Horse-stealers, Button and Thimble-men, Cheats, Shop-lifters, and House-breakers, and what not, when Mr. Draw-Warrant has a good Fee! — What? Corruption predominant every where! What will become of us! Are we not ripe for Destruction?

Bishop Sanderfon, (as I remember in some of his Sermons,) that great, good, learned, and suf-

fering for a *truly* Christian Conscience-sake Man, makes it one of the most sure *Signs* of the approaching *Ruin* of, and impending *Judgments* over a *Nation*, when the *Seats* of *Righteousness* are polluted, and an *honest* Man cannot have *common* Justice.
So Farewel Mr. Justices.

When *Sim* was once *Church-Warden*, there was a proud, empty, ill-natur'd *Arch-Deacon*, who took upon him to use an *honest* old *Clergy-man* (who was in all respects *better* than himself) in a very barbarous, unjust, false, unbecoming, *accusing* Manner. This rais'd *Sim*'s Spirit, and forc'd him into an *Expostulation* with the *worthy* Doctor, and silenc'd him. For he and many others present very well knew, that his *Doctorship* stood in more need of *Reprehension* than any of the *Clergy* present at his *Visitation*. And if he is offended, *Sim* will publish the Doctor's *Allegations*, and will specify his own *Responses*; together with the Doctor's *legal* manner of imposing and *cramming* Oaths on Men to be *Witnesses*; and when they did not *swear* as he *expected* and seem'd to *desire* them to do, shall be shewn his *Charity* in believing and treating them afterwards; and also shall be written a true and faithful *Account* of the Doctor's Family, Life, Rise, and Progress, in an *Appendix* to this my terrible *Gorgoneicon*.

So Farewel Mr. *Arch-Deacon*.

Sim and *I* do loudly declare that we are utter *Enemies*, profess'd open *Enemies* to every thing which is *barbarous*, tyrannical, oppressive, inhumane, unjust, malicious, revengeful, domineering, overbearing, pretending, proud, arrogant, haughty, self-conceited, bigotted, impudent, or insolent, in all sorts and kinds of Men, from the Throne of a King to the Stall of a Cocker:⁽¹³⁾

(13) See *St. Mark*: Whether he be King or Parliament or both together — Ruler or Governor — Lord or Common — Minister
Hale's new-
year's gift
for the like manner of Expressing.

Minister or Staff-Officer——From an *Arch-Bishop* to the poorest *Deacon*——From a *Generalissimo* or Captain General to a lousy *Corporal*——From the highest *Lawyer* to the most villainous Jailor and most scoundrel *Hangman*——From the greatest *Physician* to the most contemptible *Quack*, *P—nt—e-Smith*, or merry *Andrew*——From a Knight of the *Garter* to a Knight of the *Thistle*——Whether he be an *Esquire*, *Squire*, *Squirrel*, *Squerret*, or *Squirt*——whether he be *Lord-mayor*, *Mayor*, *Bayliff*, or *Alderman*——whether he be *Merchant*, *Shop-keeper*, *Dealer*, *Buyer* or *Beater of Hair*, *Mechanic*, or other.

And we do here put you all in mind, that *all Men*, as *Men*, i. e. in regard of the *Image* of God impress'd on their *Souls*, are *equal*;——and also that all *Men*, as *Men*, i. e. as they have all the same *Bodies*, are *equal*;——that they all came from *Mother Earth*;——that they are all daily *returning* thither again;——and that a few *Years* will clear the whole terrestrial *Globe* of all its present *Inhabitants*, and at last *it self* shall be destroy'd. All other *Things*, all other *Distinctions* of *Men*, rang'd into their several *Classes* of *Governing*, *Spiritual*, *Temporal*, *Civil*, *Forensic*, *Merchandizing*, or *Trading*, are all *uncertain* and *accidental*, and design'd only for the *due Order*, *Peace*, and good Government of the *World*, and *no otherwise*. *A living Dog is better than a dead Lion*; and the poorest honest *Christian* is happier than the most absolute eastern *Monarch*.

If *Cous. Sim* seem to be more than ordinarily *severe* and *peevish* against any sort of *Men* of other *Countries*, they are the *French* and the *Scotch*.

As to the *former*, he says that he looks upon them to be a Set of *spurtish*, *apish*, *designing*, and *tricking* People. That our *Interests* in *Trade*, *Shipping*, and *Traffick* are *incompatible*. That we have

have always *drub'd* 'em heartily in the Field of Battle, and they have always trick'd us in the Closet of Treaties. That for the *Marks* of our surly Strokes they must of Consequence *hate* us; and that if ever they are upon the *Fawn*, the *Cringe*, the *Shrug*, and the *Grin*, it is only in order to play some new *Game*, and to get some *Advantage* or other over us; and he heartily wishes that this be not the *design* of their present *Grimace*.

As to the *Scotch*, *Sim* took a *Disgust* at 'em in his Youth. The Case being a little *comical*, I will divert the *Readers* with it as I had it from him. And it was thus——*Sim* when he was about *ten* Years old, was at a *Relation's* during the time of a *Fair* at the Parish-Town. Several of his *Kindred* gave him Money to the Sum total of *two Shillings*; in the Afternoon *Sim* was conducted by one of his *Relation's Maids* to the *Fair*, about a *Mile* distant.—They arrived in *Town*, and *Sim* was much delighted with the sights of the *Ginger-bread Stalls*, and *Cutler's* and *Toy-standings*. He was presently for buying this *Thing*, and that *Hobby-horse*, this *Rattle*, that *Whistle*, that *Trumpet*; but the *Wench* with much ado *stuv'd* him off. At last as she was *gaping* and *staring* at one sight, or talking with one Fellow or another, he *spy'd* his Opportunity and gave her the *Slip*; and away he runs to a *Scotch Pedlar's Stall*, and fix'd on a *Knife* and *Fork* worth about eight Pence or ten Pence at the most, and the *Rascal* made him pay *two Shillings*, to the utter draining of poor *Sim's Pockets*.

At last the *Girl* comes hunting for *Sim*, and meets with him in the *Croud*, and says, *Master*, where have you been? Quoth *Sim*, a buying me a *fine Knife and Fork*. What did it cost you? says she. *Two Shillings*, said *Sim*. *Two Shillings!* says the *Maid*; it is not worth above eight Pence or nine Pence; why, you are *cheated*, *Master*. Then *Sim* burst

burst into a Flood of *Tears*, and fell into a bitter Fit of *Howling* and *Telling*; (For *Sim* thanks *God* that the notions of upright, just, and honest Dealing were in his very *Infancy* impress'd on his *Heart*.) In which very *Article* of *Time*, his Relation's *Black-smith*, a stout, honest Fellow came to him and said—*what ails you, Master? why, says Sim, a Man has cheated me. Where is he, says Vulcan; shew him me.* So *Sim* took him to the *Stall*.

Says the *Smith*, did you sell this young Gentleman this *Knife* and *Fork*? yes says the sincere *Scot*. Are you not *asham'd*, said the *Smith*, to cheat and impose on a *Child*? Pray take your *Knife* again, and give him his *Money* again, he has not *damag'd* it in carrying it the length of a *Street*. In short, the *Smith* beg'd and intreated; nay *Sim* very well remembers that he offer'd him *Six-pence* out of his own *Pocket*, and laid it down with the *Knife* and *Fork* on the *Stall*. All which proving in *vain* with the *Scot*, the *Smith* reach'd over the *Stall*, and gave him such a *Souse* on one of his *Lugs*, that he knock'd his *Head* against the *Wall* under which his *Stall* was set, with such a *Force*, that it seal'd up his *Peeper* on the other Side; and then we all went our way, and left him mark'd like a *Rogue* as he was.

In the *Evening* when all the *Scotch Pedlers* had pack'd up their *Auls*, (and I shall be glad to hear of the *Parliament* sending 'em all a *packing* and a *ganging* home,) the *Smith* being crossing the *Church-yard*, which is very large, *homewards*, he heard a *Voice* calling to him in the *Scottish Brogue*—*Hark ye, Mon?* He turns about and sees a tall lusty *Scotch-man* with a *Cudgel* in his *Hand*, and the *Fellow* whose *Eye* was glu'd up with *English Cement* at his right *Hand*, and ten or eleven *Brother Scots* marching after him, with their *Tards* or *Sticks*; there was at least a *Baker's dozen* of 'em. What do

do you want says the *Smith*? — *What's the Reason*, says the valiant Captain of the Troop, that you abus'd this *Mon*?

During which *Debate* there were abundance of *People* gather'd about, and were forming a *Circle* for an *Engagement*. The *Smith* perceiving their good *Scotish* Intention towards him, without any more ado snatch'd a good English Plant out of a Fellow's hand near him, and made an heroic *Onset*, and so manfully laid about him, that he really fell'd and dispers'd 'em all without the least *Assistance*, and then walk'd as calmly home as if nothing had been the matter with him.

Sim remembers their Villany in *History*:— How that in all our ancient *Wars* with *France*, when we were therein engag'd with them, and had severely trounc'd 'em, and they knew not how to get rid of us otherwise, they always us'd to bribe the *Scotch* to break thro' our *Borders*, and enter our *Country*, steal our *Cattle*, and commit waste without *Impeachment*. Then we were forc'd to clap up a *Peace* with the *French* upon any, Even the most disadvantageous *Terms*; and to call home our *Forces* to reckon with, chastise, and drive home the *Scotch*. In a little time our *French Sores*, being so hastily skin'd over, wou'd break out again. Then we were forc'd to lay 'em open, and begin a fresh *Course* of *Chirurgery* with them; till in a little time the *Scotch* again must be call'd to their *Assistance* and *Relief*, in the same manner as before. This *Farce* has been so often Acted, that any one in the least conversant in our *English History*, must needs be acquainted with it; and therefore it is needless to enter into *Particulars*.

One *Fancy Sim* often entertains himself with, which is, in thinking that a *Scot* must naturally and sympathetically start and snort at *Ribble-Bridge*, because his *Country-men* have been so often whip'd and

Spur-

Spur-gall'd there in former Times as well as in the last Reign.

He remembers the Practices of *Mary Queen of Scots*, to make the *French* our Enemies in *Queen Elizabeth's* Days, to rouse up the *Spaniard* and encourage him to invade us with his *invincible Armado* (as it was *boastingly* call'd,) and to stir up *Rebellions* against her with the then *Duke of Norfolk*, in order to *dethrone* her, and *destroy* the Reformation; till her *British Majesty* caught her in a *Trap*, and gave her that memorable *Scratch* in the Neck-lace Place.

He remembers their villainous *Quarrels*, *Factions*, and ill Treatment of *King James the first* in his *Minority*; which gave him a very ill *Notion* of them for such *Baseness* and *Treachery*; from *Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland*, wherein the *Civil Affairs* are open'd to *View* with the *Ecclesiastical*. This *History* written by one of their own Country, *Sim* takes to be a very good one, and is very entertaining.

He likewise remembers how, in the Reign of his Son *King Charles the first*, when he wou'd peaceably and lawfully have introduc'd the *Book of Common-Prayer*, with *Order* and *Decency* in the Church of *Scotland*, and a *Minister* first appear'd in an innocent *Surplice* in the *Reading-Desk*, that an old *Vixen* fate gloing, chafing, and burning, and at last burst out, bounc'd, rose up, and took her *three-legged Stool*, and threw at the *Minister's Head*; which rais'd such a *Tumult* as set the whole Nation to *Logger-heads*.

And he cannot but think, that, if *Scotch Heralds* were consulted, it wou'd appear that this same mischievous old *Beldam* was *Tom Gordon's* great, or great great *Grannum*; because he is so rouchy and angry, and throws about his *Ribaldry* so much against *Lawn*, *Holland*, and all other de-

cent Ceremonies, Bishops, Churches, Liturgies, Holy-days, Fasts, &c. and talks of a match of Cudgel-playing, tho at the same time he dares as well eat his Nails as engage in such a Ceremony with any South-Britain. (Pag. 277. *Independent Whig*.)

Neither is there any *Hocus Pocus* or *Legerdemain* in the World so enchanting as that old *Witch's*, and her great, or her great great *Grand Bearn's*, which can overthrow *Kingdoms*, and juggle *Multitudes* out of their *Christianity*, and with their *Magick*, *Sorceries*, and *Divinations*, conjure away all *Loyalty*, *Honesty*, and *Religion*. *Hoo Presto be gone! away with all that's Good! and come Devil in its Room!* Quoth *Tom Gordon*.

Neither does he forget, (as has already been hinted,) how the last Rebellion against *King George* the first broke out first in *Scotland*, and set *England* in a *Commotion*, to the great *Hurt*, *Loss*, and *Damage* of us, in too many *Respects* to be mentioned.

Nor is he insensible of their present (tho disguis'd) Uneasiness at the *Union*, which we (to pay off all old Scores) most completely hugg'd them into, tho with some considerable Sums. But let them fret and wince as much as they please, three or four *South-British* Regiments will tame them.

Nor is he unaware of the Sums which are carried out, and the unnecessary Charges we are at to maintain *Scotch-Pedlars*, *Pack-Horses*, and other *Animals*.

Chartres Nor of the vast Reward *Tom Gordon* has receiv'd for his villainous *Independent Whig*; nor of the prodigious Sums which C——rt——s has fool'd, gam'd, and juggled our *Nobility* and *Gentry* out of. With which, if they will walk off with the rest of their *Countrymen*, our *English Coin Sterling* will shine brighter and farther than ever it did on the *Scotish Coasts*. I remember that I once rode

rode by *Wobourne in Bucks*, the Seat of the late Duke of *Wharton*; and I do solemnly protest that I was ready to cry, when I view'd that *Palace* of an *English Peer*, that sweet Seat, and earthly *Paradise*, in reflecting that it is now become a *Ken-
nel* only for *Scotch* stinking *Foxes* and *Goats*, and ravenous hungry *Wolves* and *Bears*. *Sed sic tran-
sit gloria Mundi*. O my Lords! God grant you more *Grace*, *Wisdom*, and *Understanding* henceforward. Amen.

Nor will he forget as long as he lives what a false, proud, partial, furious, ill-natur'd self-opiniated, and persecuting Mortal B——p B——t was, towards all the *English Clergy*, by Virtue of his *English Lawn*. Did it sit well on this thy Countryman, Tommy Gordon? No doubt but thou wilt say so, tho thou wilt not let any of the *English* live peaceably in their *Dioceses* or *Parishes*? —In this worthy domineering Prelate's History of his own Times (and indeed it is his own every way else) may be seen his own, and the Pictures of all true Scots as well as in *Spotswood's* History afore-said.

And now I Andrew, for a little *Explication* of my self, do declare that I shou'd not have said so much in general against *Scotish Men* and *Scotish Land*, had not that *Scotish Gorgon* spoken so much and so general as he has done against the *Christian Religion*, *Priesthood*, and *Reveal'd Religion*; and indiscriminately blended *Jewish* and *Christian*, *Po-
pish* and *Pagan* together.

I happen'd once to be in Company with one of this sawcy, wicked, and unmannerly Brute's Acquaintance, and talking of the *Independent Whig*, Don't you think, said I, that your Friend Gordon has very much abus'd all Religion! "Why, really," says he, as he writes and expresses himself in "his affected silly Drollery and Buffoonery, a

“ Man who reads him must have a finer searching
 “ Sieve than was ever yet made in the World,
 “ to separate what he has said concerning the
 “ Abuses which have been made in and of Re-
 “ ligion, from being equally apply'd against all
 “ Religion in general.” And I am wholly *convinc'd*, that it was his *View* to unsettle Men's Minds in the very *Foundation* and *Principles* of Religion, and to stir up *Men* and the *Civil Power* to fall on the *Ecclesiastic*, if he cou'd ; like an *Infernal* Fire-brand and Incendiary as he is.

Now we will not be so *base*, wicked, unjust, and inhuman. We will *allow* and commend whatever is good or deserving even in a *Scot*. My *Cous. Sim* and I *Andrew his Cous.* do praise the *Scotch* for fighting the *Rebels* at *Worcester*, tho they had the *Misfortune* (as they ever had) to be routed by the *English*. We are *sorry* and *asham'd*, that so many after they were *scatter'd* and *dispers'd*, shou'd be so barbarously *plunder'd* and *butcher'd* in *cool Blood* for their *Money*, as they were by many call'd *Englishmen*. But then we must put *Tom Gordon* in mind, that they were only *Cromwellian Independent Whigs*, who were such barbarous murdering *Rascals*, true *dependent* Friends of the *usurp'd* Government. Faithful honest *Church of England* men ever did, and always will abhor such *devilish* Practices. *Sim* says he remembers that our *Grandmother* told him, that all her *Relations* took in, hid, *reliev'd*, and *protected* many of those poor *Gentlemen*, (tho they thereby ran the *Risque* of Damage to themselves from the malicious *Blood-thirsty Independent Whigs*) till they cou'd find means to *escape* Home ; for those *Blood-Hounds* lay in wait for them. Many of those poor *Creatures* were just weakned to death by the *Flux*. *Sim* cou'd publish some *Observations* of a very signal *Judgment* which beset a Family of these *Murders*

vers and Plunderers of the Scotch; but he forbears.——

We have done Justice to *Spotswood*; and we allow them to have bred many good *Scholars* and *Civilians*; and I have met with several ingenious and good natur'd Men of that Country, such as was *Sir Charles Miln*;—— and we are well assur'd by some ingenious and learned *Scotch Clergy* who have *Living*s amongst us, that the wisest and learnedest of the *Ministry* are secret *Approvers* of, and hearty *Wishers* for, the Introduction and Establishment of the Church of *England Doctrine* and *Discipline* amongst them; like many among the *Papists*, who see and grieve at the *Corruptions* of *Papery*, but do not know how to help themselves for fear of being torn to pieces; the one by the bigotted *Popish* People, the other by the no less bigotted *Presbyterian* Populace. We allow *George Buchanan* to have been a good *Scholar*:—And *Sim* tells me, that tho he us'd every *Saturday* in the Afternoon when he was a *School-Boy* to transmute *George's Psalms*, by converting his *Sapphics* and *Iambics* into *Hexameter* and *Pentameter*, and vice versa his *Hexamet.* and *Pentamet.* into *Sapphic* and *Iambic*, to his great *Plague* and *Puzzlement*, yet he loves that little Book of *Latin Psalms* very well, and whenever he looks into it, cannot forbear smiling to think what *Work* he formerly made with it.

In short, Gentlemen of *North-Britain*, we love and respect all honest, sincere, and worthy Men amongst you wherever we can find them, and wish you well; but desire you to chain or hang up your worrying, your *Sheep-killing Curs*, such as your *Tom Gordons*; and your *Sharppers*, *Biters*, and *Rippers*, and *Tearers*, and *Manglers* of our pretty *English Damsels Plackets*, your C——rt——s's. We and *Chartrass* our Family have always us'd your Countrymen with
Charity,

Charity, Humanity, and Gentility, as becometh Christians, Men, and Gentlemen. Sim sends word, even whilst I am writing this Gorgoneicon, that he gives a Night's Lodging to a Scotchman's Pack for it's Safety Gratis; that he has often done so, and will do so as long as the Government pleases to suffer them thus to strole; and that he has often treated them like Lairds with his Servants cold Meat, wholesom Bread and Cheese, and good Table-Beer, Ale, or Cyder. But he has made a Resolution never to lay out Six-pence with them again; and heartily asks Pardon, in this publick manner, of all his honest Countrymen Shopkeepers, for having laid out any Money with them.

In fine, O Countrymen of South-Britain, my Cous. Sim and I Andrew his Cousin do declare, that we think that all Scotch Pedlars, Pack-Carriers, and Hawkers ought to be voted Home for this very plain Reason, if there were no other—viz.—That all, or most, of the Lands in Scotland being beggarly in a greater or lesser degree, and consequently must require the more Labour and Industry to cultivate them; it is manifest that so many Hands and Backs which are idly sauntering and lithering about in England, might be much more advantageously employ'd in burning, plowing, and sowing their own Lands; and in digging, planting, and raising of Hedges, Woods, &c. Then they wou'd live better and without Envy;—Then they wou'd get their Bread truly in the Sweat of their Brows;—Then wou'd they eat their own, and none but their own Bread;—and lastly, they wou'd eat better Bread than ever their Country yet produc'd, I mean in the general; they wou'd get Wheaten Manchet instead of Oaten Cake.

The Case of Charity is quite out of the Question; for supposing these Vagrants to be poor Scoundrels, (as they are till we let them pick our Pockets) must

must we ruin our Tradesmen to enrich them? Must we starve our own Poor to relieve them? Must we take our Childrens Bread, and cast it to Dogs? If one must be Poor, e'en let the Scotch be Poor; they were always Poor; they are poorly bred and fed; and so being *mur'd* to and harden'd in Poverty, it is *habitual*, it is no *Hardship*.

And now, O Londoners and others, don't ye think that I Andrew and my Cous. Sim preach as well as Tom Gordon? To be plain with you, I must tell you, that I sincerely believe, that it was for this, among other of your great Crimes, in taking off, and delighting in, such Quantities of Gordon's, Woolston's, Whiston's, Tindal's, Toland's, Chub's and others infectious and damaging Wares, that your Trade has been so long *damag'd* by the Scotch Pack-carriers, and treacherous Inmates. And if you don't join with us in voting down these Miscreants and all other venomous Beasts, with all their vile, and wicked, and surfeiting Paper-trash, may Itch, Scab, Louse, Poverty, Slavery, Oatmealness, and Kirkishness, and all the Curses and Plagues of Scotland alight on your Heads! Amen, saith Andrew Scriblerus.

And we advise you, O all ye Tradesmen in London and elsewhere in South-Britain, to bespeak in time a sufficient quantity of Hair Seething-Bowls to load the Scotchmen Home with, that their Dairy-Wenches may learn to seeth their Milk from Cow-Hairs and Filth, that so an Englishman may eat their Butter without heaving. This for the Benefit of our Military Gentlemen.

We likewise desire you to tell them to teach their Women the English decent way of Washing with their Hands; and not with their Feet, Leaping, Kicking, Flouncing, Dancing, Frisking, and Spattering in a Tub, with their Petticoats and Smocks tuck'd up to their Navels, and shewing the

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the *Mew-mows* of their ——— to the putting of Men out of *Conceit* with what they most naturally love.

So fare ye well O *Bonny Scotch Lads*, and true *Englishmen*.

Not to keep you in farther *Suspense*, O *Gentle* and *Friendly* Readers, and that I may not tire out your *Patience*, my *Cous. Sim* is as *honest* a Fellow as any in *England*.—— He loves, fears, believes, trusts in, and endeavours to please and obey and honour his *God* and his *Saviour Jesus Christ*.—— He loves his *King* and all the *Royal Family*, and also his *Country*.—— He loves the *Church of England*, with the good *Bishops* and *Clergy*. He loves the *Nobility*, *Gentry*, and *Commonalty*, and the *Laws* of the *Land*, when administer'd impartially.—— He loves his *Wife*, *Children*, and *Servants*, and all his *Neighbours Rich* and *Poor*.—— He loves the *safe*, flourishing, peaceable, prosperous and *honourable Estate* of the *Kingdom* in all *Respects*.—— There is not a more *sincere Lover* of the *Souls*, *Bodies*, and good *Estates* of all *Mankind*.—— In short there is not a more *sober*, just, kind, and charitable *Man* to be found in all *Respects*, in *paying*, in *giving*, in *forgiving*, in *lending* any thing according to his *Circumstances* ; and none more *loving*, or more *belov'd* by all who know him and are *acquainted* with him.

And therefore, O *candid* and *ingenuous* Readers, I must *appeal* to you, whether my *Narration* of the manner of *Life*, *Principles*, *Notions*, and *Humours* of my *honest Cous. Simon*, be not as *useful* and *enter-taining*;——whether there may not be drawn from it as much *Christianity*, *Divinity*, *Morality*, *Justice*, *Charity*, *Economy*, *History*, *Policy*, *Law*, *Physick*, and *Chirurgery*, as out of all those great *Histories* of the *Life* of *Dr. S. Clarke*, written by B——p H——y and *Dr. Sykes*, and *tun'd* and *pip'd* out

out in whole Volumes of *Cathedral Musick*?—
 And farthermore, whether my *Cous. Sim* has not
 done more *Justice* to the *Memory* of that Learned
Doctor in his *Whistoneutes*, or *Remarks*, than *Will*
Whiston has in his *Memoirs*?—And lastly, whe-
 ther *I Andrew* have not written a more useful,
 pleasant, orthodox, and diverting *Supplement*
 to *Sim's Whistoneutes*, than the said *Will Whiston*
 has a *Preface* to his *Primitive Christianity*?

A Word or two with you, O noble *Dr. Sykes*, in
 a musical Scale.

Pray how do you by this time good Mr Encomiastic Dr Sykes & ally rest of your Saisburian & Bangorian Brethren.
 R Now

Now tho my *Scale* exceeds all *Scales* in the *Number* of plain *Lines*, yet I dare say that any honest merry *Singing Man*, in your own, or any other *Choir* in *England*, who reads it, will chaunt it in the *Tune* I my self did when I scor'd it out, if you your self cannot. And tho my *Lines* are devoid of *Semibrief*, *Minim*, *Quaver*, *Semiquaver*, and *Demi-quaver*, yet they are very full of *Crotchets*, and excel a great many in *Sharps* and *Naturals*, and exceed all in *Time*.

You are call'd a *Precentor* or *Precantor*, or chief *Chanter*, or *Chaunter*. Pray then mind your *Choir-Service*: See that your *Singing Men*, *Choristers*, and others attend and perform decently: Take care that yourself, or a dignify'd Brother read the *Communion-Service* on *Sundays* and *Holy-days* in a solemn manner; ^{in a} serious, and believing manner; and take the *Key* which the *Organist* gives you for a right Pitch to model your Voice in, if you have an *Ear*: Keep *Thompson* sober, he's a good natur'd Fellow, and has an excellent *Hand*; and you have a good *Organ*, with variety of *Stops*, and several *Rows* of *Keys*, a fine *Choir*, and a most beautiful *Church*; and it is ten thousand Pities but that all things shou'd be done decently and in Order, to answer the *Design* and for the *Honour* of Religion, and that you and the rest of you may do as ye ought in *Conscience* and *Sincerity*, for the sake of that good *Preferment* ye hold under that stupendous Piece of *Architecture*, your *High Spire*.

Consult *Purcel*, *Hall*, *Blow*, *Aldrich*, *Crofts*, *Hendel*, and others, and choose good and proper *Anthems* and *Services*: And subscribe for Mr. *Hine's*, late *Organist* of *Gloucester*, Church-Musick for the Benefit of his Widow.

Otherwise *Sim* or *I*, tho it be not our *Profession*, will challenge you to chaunt the *Psalms* or *Services* either at *St. Paul's*, *Westminster-Abbey*, or rather

rather than stick out, in *Salisbury-Choir*: Or else to plain *Psalm-singing* in a *Parish-Church*, either in the old or new *Tunes*.

We know that you sit in the great *Whitby's Stall*, and therewith possess a great many more ill *Qualities* than he had, without his good ones or any thing near his *Learning*. Look you, *Dr. Sykes*, you are a great *Pluralist* in *Dignities* and *Preferments*. Pray be *humble*, *modest*, *peaceable*, *contented*, and *charitable* with them, as becometh a *Christian Divine*; and do not be holding up your *Nose* in breast-high *Scent* of a *Bishoprick* or a *Bishopcock*; and be not so much upon the *Canterbury* at *Salisbury*. Let your *Betters* have their *Turns*, and be serv'd before you. You have a great deal more than you *deserve*. And for *Shame* get ye all from behind the *Curtains*, and cut and break the *Strings*, *Wires*, and *Cat-guts* wherewith ye have play'd and danc'd about your silly *Punchinello Chub*, to the *Scandal* of *Christianity*, and the *Offence* and *Annoyance* of *Christians*. *Fie on you, Fie*; a *Shame take you all together*. If you do not mend your *Behaviour*, the *Scriblerians* will be on your *Back*; they will *examine* and *expose* your *Writings* worse than *Whiston* has done your *Defence* of *Subscription*. What in the *Name of God* are ye at? What wou'd you have? Will nothing but the *Price* of your *Saviour* satisfy you? Will nothing but *Blood*, *Civil Wars*, *Distraction*, and *Destruction* please you? O *Sincerity* and *Godly Simplicity*! how it fits on you!

That you may employ your *Time* a little usefully and as becometh your *chaunting Profession*, and to keep you out of *Mischief*, I will give you a few *Epigrams* out of my beloved *Jack Owen*, to set to *Church-Musick*, and I will send to *Thompson* to know how you perform your *Task*.

In Magnum Clericum.

*Plurima degustat Stomachus, nil concoquit æger.
Sic tu Scis, fateor, multa ; nihilque Sapis.*
Owen's Epigr. p. 48. Amst. Edit.

Harmonia. Ad Theologos.

*Harmonias varii scripsere Evangeliorum ;
Harmoniarum quis ? Non minor iste labor.*
pag. 120.

Dissonantia. Paulum Mutat:

*Tam sibi per partes Ecclesia discrepat omnes,
Ut quid Concentus sit prope nemo sciat.
Ille nimis Bassum premit, hic nimis elevat Altum ;
Ut vix auditus sit Tenor, aut Medius.*
pag. ead.

De Controversiis.

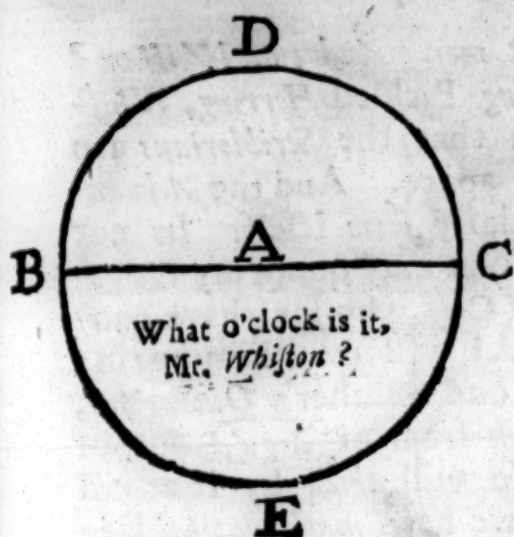
*Theiologi certant, et adhuc sub Judice lis est ;
O utinam lis sub Judice tota foret !
Theiologi certant, et adhuc de Judice lis est ;
O utinam lis de Judice sola foret !
Tanta vel in nobis utinam lis esset amoris,
Quantus, in hoc lacero tempore, litis amor.*
pag. 79.

Do your part in the *Musick* well, Mr. *Precentor*,
and these Lines will be most agreeably entertaining.
You cannot blame either *Jack Owen* or myself in
performing our Parts. So fare you well Noble
Doct̃or ; and may the Scales drop from your Eyes,
and may your Ears be well syring'd.

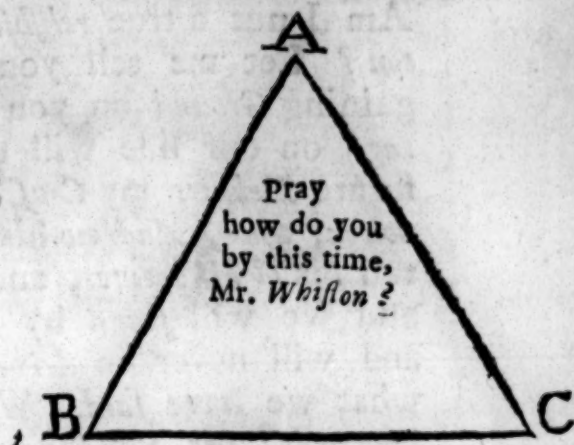
Permit me, *Courteous* Readers, to accost *Will*
Whiston in an *Euclidian* Elementary way.

A Cir-

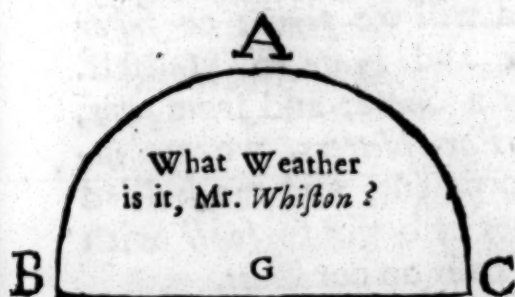
A Circular Salutation.



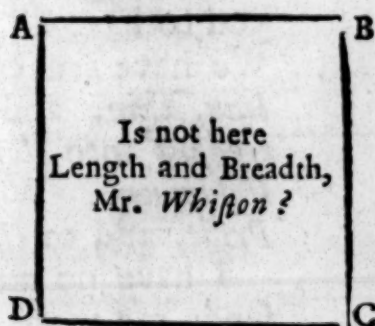
A Triangular Rectangular Salutation.



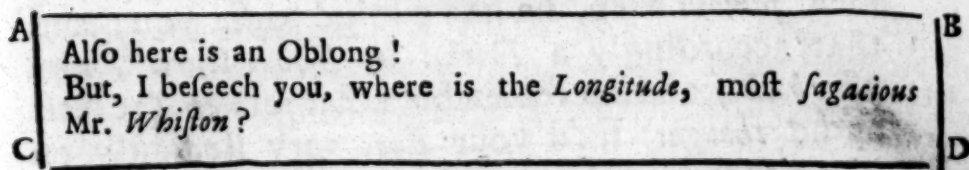
A Semicircular Salutation.



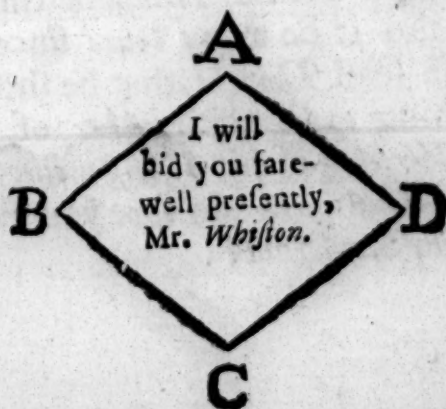
A Quadrangular Salutation.



An Oblongular Salutation.



A Rhomboical or Diamondical Salutation.



(14) Banter & Drollery still carried on with Whiston as well as with the Rest.

Am not I a pleasant merry Andrew, William? Am I not a true relishing Pickled Herring, Whiston? Let me tell you that the Scriblerians are gaining Ground on you apace. And the Advantages on our side will daily shew itself. In our future Debates my Cous. Sim may quote my Gorgoneicon, and I Andrew his Cous. you see, have quoted his Whistoneutes, and I will quote him again; and we will stand by one another's Quotations, and will never be driven from or argu'd out of what we have said. We will abide by it at all Hazards; for, you see, we have mathematical Demonstration on our side; and our Arguments are as easy and plain as ABC.

Neither henceforward will we permit or suffer you to have all the Talk and Prate to yourself. We have now come in for a Share; and from puny, lean, thin, and slender Pamphleteers, we are increasing into bluff, fat, corpulent, and tun-bellied Volumneers. Which makes us begin to swell with Pride, and to clap our Hands on our Sides.

I have no more to say to you, than that Sim sends me word, that he once, and never but once, had a Sight of you and Dr. Clark; that, being such famous Men, he had a mind to see you; and that accordingly a Friend in Town shew'd him you both; and he remembers that ye both (at least as he thought) fix'd your Eyes very stedfastly on him; which made a very great Impression on him; and that he remembers your Looks as well as if he had seen ye both a Thousand times, and but Yesterday; tho it be many Years since, and tho he had not the least Thought that he shou'd ever have had any thing to do with either of you: which, since the Writing of his Whistoneutes, he has reflected on as Ominous. So fare you well Mr. Whiston, in Secula Seculorum!

By

By your leave, O great and mighty Dr. B—tl—y! You are call'd, and have strove and agoniz'd to be thought the greatest Scholar in the World; and have spent a great deal of your precious Time on *Horace* and *Terence*, Singers and Stage-Players: When as a Divine, and a Christian Divine, and the *Regius Professor of Divinity* in one of the greatest and most famous Universities in the World, you ought to have shewn your Talents wholly and solely in these ways; and not to have suffer'd (as far as you cou'd have oppos'd it) the torrent of Iniquity, Opposition, and Blasphemy to have run against Christianity as it has done; and to have left your silly Classical Criticisms to old School-Boys and young Academics. And tho your Pride, Tyranny, Authorical Neglect, and Heathenish contempt of the Christian Cause, and irreverent and indecent Behaviour at Publick Worship, have been the true and just Bars to your Episcopation, yet you have made the best of your Mastership to the sorrowful worsting of your Fellows and Scholars; and so from a poor Sizer of St. John's are become vastly Rich: you have held also very good Preferments in the Church, and shew'd your good will towards the Deanery of Lincoln; for which last Preferments you ought in Honour and Conscience to have done more service to the Religion Establish'd, than you have yet done.

I most humbly beg to lay at your Feet a Translation of the 17th of *Horace's* Heathen-Songs; Book the third of those Pills to purge Melancholy.

Horace to *Ælius Lamus*. A Country Gentleman, his Neighbour, foreseeing the Morrow wou'd be a rainy Day; in Harvest or Vintage time, suppos'd. And where we see the old Deifier of Men beginning with his Heraldical Flattery with *Ælius*, to coax him out of Jugs of his best Wine, and

and a good *Stuffing* of his Guts with a *Pig*, less a *Swine* than himself only in *Age* and *Size*.—*Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo, &c.*

Ælius (descended Nobly from old *Lame* ;
 For 'tis from him that all the *Lamias* came
 For many *Generations* to this Day,
 As antient *Rolls*, and learned *Heralds* say :
 From *Lamus*, Prince of *Lyris* i'the Lake,
 And *Firmia*, Capital of a Wapentake,
 Where he did *swagger*, and without his *Peer*,
High Lord and *Paramount* did domineer * :)
Ælius, my worthy *Friend*, mark what I say,
 To morrow will prove a very rainy Day.
 A ratling *Tempest* rising East-North-East
 (A Corner good for neither Man, nor Beast)
 Will strow the *Shores* with *Weeds*, the *Woods*
 with *Leaves*,
 (Unless the *Crow*, that *Weather Witch*, deceives
 My *Expectation* ;) get in store of *Wood* !
 While it is dry, (thou'lt find my *Counsel* good :)
 Indulge thy *Genius* with a little *Swine*
 Of two *Months* old, and *Store* of generous
 Wine
 To wash him down ; and with thy *Family*
 Rejoice, from *Toil* by the kind *Storm* set free ;
 Let the *Wind* blow all *Cares* away like *Chaff*,
 And while it whistles, do thou sing and
 laugh.

I will also *transmogrify* the latter part of the
Original into *Hexamet.* and *Pentamet.* as my *Cous.*

* Latè Tyrannus. A true Picture this of many of our Coun-
 try Esquires.

Sim us'd to do *Geo. Buchanan's Psalms*. For I know not what is become of the *Family* of the *Lamias*. Pray can you tell, *Doctor*?

Cras foliis sternet nemora Euris, litus & algæ, litus
Me nisi anus Cornix decipit, Angur aquæ:
Arida ligna, vide, componas; cumque solutis,
Æli, mi Lamia, cras operum famulis,
Fac, Vino genium cures, Porcoque bimestri;
Tradens ærumnas flatibus altisonis.

O what a merry *Catch* it is? What pretty *Stuff* does it contain? What *Nature-exalting Advice* does it hold forth! I appeal to my *Readers*, whether my Account of *Sim's* spending a *Winter-Evening* with his *Ecclesiastical* Companions, be not as entertaining as this Advice of *Horace* to *Ælius* how to spend a rainy Day? Is this what must be written and commented on, and perpetually talk'd of, and proudly repeated and narrated out in all Companies by our grand Men; and must every body else be laugh'd at and despis'd who can't or won't do the same?

If his *Language* is good what *Wonder* is it? was it not his native *Language*? And do not many amongst us write good *English*, which is their mother *Tongue*? If you can construe him readily, it is enough to shew your *Proficiency* in the *Latin* *Tongue*, and of your *Qualification* to apply that with your other *Learning* to the chief and only use of it, namely, for the *Honour* of God and Religion, and the true *Good* of Mankind.

If he be witty and pleasant, are not our *Cous. Martin*, *Dr. Arbuthnot*, and many others so? And is not *Jack Owen* a merry Fellow, with *Latin Words* and *Turns*?

If *Horace* has any *Morality* in any of his *Lines*, there's much more *Immorality* to be found in the rest. We may easily perceive him to have been a great *Flatterer* and *Idolater* of great Men, out of selfish Views; a *Glutton*, a *Drunkard*, a *Whoremonger*, a *Sodomite*, an *Atheist*, and a sparing and infrequent *Worshipper* of the Gods; and I am sorry that there are so many, professing the name of Christians, so like him in these *Practices*. I always suspect his over and above Admirers to be secret *Approvers* of his Principles; and never met with an ingenious *Debauchee*, but who always quoted *Horace* in plea for his *Vanity* and *Lewdness*.

What! must a wicked *Heathen* be the *Exemplar* of a Christian? and, most noble *Doctor*, are the *Classics* to be your *Compurgators* and *Sanctuaries*, as *Arius*, *Eusebius*, *Macedonius*, and such like, are to be *Whiston's*? Do ye expect to be sav'd by the *Merits* of any, or all of them? Need I to tell you that there is but one *Mediator* and *Redeemer*? or need I to name him? must *Christians* forsake the holy *Scriptures*, those *Fountains* of living *Water*, to lay hold on broken *Cisterns* which can hold no *Water*? and must we forsake the *Gospel*, and run a *Wooll-gathering* after Man's vain *Notions* and false *Interpretations*, and be fallaciously *disputed* and feloniously *sylogiz'd* out of our *Christianity*?

Indeed, splendid Sir, I wou'd not change my *Bible* or my *Whole Duty of Man*, for all the *Horaces*, *Terences*, and such like *Authors* in the World; and yet I value them for just what's necessary to pick from them as to *Language*, *History*, and now and then an *Observation* on Mankind, and no more.

—Nor wou'd I part with one *Text* of the *Gospel* for *Mountains* of Gold, or the World full of *Books* of the finest and smoothest *Language* of your most celebrated *Reasoners* and *Argumenters*, whom

I advise to remember the heavy, the woful Curse pronounc'd upon all such bold *Attempters*, as either add to, or diminish from that *Holy Book* in any manner whatever.

Indeed, magnificent Doctor, as silly a Fellow as you may take me to be, I will exhort you to repent of these great *Faults* and *Failings*. I heard how poorly you came off last *Commencement*; and how you objected a delusive *Miracle* of Satan's for one of our *Blessed Saviour's*, which Dr. *Williams* the *Jonian* threw back again into your *Chops*, with the loud *Theatrical* shout on his side.

To help you forward in your *Contrition*, take Saint *Austin's Confessions*, and translate them and reform them where they want it, for the Good of the *Publick*; and in the mean time with an impartial Mind look into *Lib. i. c. 16.*—In lascivas Fabulas.—Sed vae tibi flumen moris humani! Quis resistet tibi? Quamdiu non siccaberis? Quousque volves Evæ filios in mare magnum & formidolosum, quod vix transeunt, qui signum conscenderint? Nonne ergo in te legi, & tonantem Jovem, & adulterantem? Et utique non posset hæc duo; sed actum est, ut haberet auctoritatem ad imitandum verum adulterium, lenocinante falso tonitruo. Quis autem, &c.—Fingebat hæc *Homerus*: & humana ad Deos transferebat? Divina mallet ad nos. Sed verius dicitur, quod fingebat hæc quidem ille, sed hominibus flagitiosis divina tribuendo, ne flagitia putarentur, & ut quisquis ea fecisset, non homines perditos, sed caelestes Deos videretur imitatus.

Et tamen, o flumen tartareum, jactantur in te filii hominum cum mercedibus ut hæc discant: & magna res agitur, &c. —Hinc verba dicuntur: hinc acquiritur *Eloquentia*, rebus persuadendis, sententiisque explicandis maxime necessaria. Ita vero non cognosceremus verba hæc: imbrem aureum, & gremium,

Et fucum, Et templa cæli, Et alia verba in eo loco scripta sunt: nisi Terentius induceret nequam adolescentem, proponentem sibi Jovem ad exemplum stupri, &c. ——— Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa: sed Vinum Erroris, quod in eis nobis propinatur ab ebriis Doctoribus; Et nisi biberemus, cadebamus: nec appellare ad aliquem Judicem sobrium licebat.

Et tamen Ego, Deus meus! in cujus conspectu jam secuta est recordatio mea, libenter hæc didici, Et delectabar miser, Et ob hoc bonæ spei puer appellabar!

Heu Pietas! Heu prisca Fides! what have you done with them? what have you exchang'd them for? and what will you get by the Bargain? You have receiv'd your Wages, noble Doctor! So I bid you an hearty Farewel.

A word or two with the Fair Sex before I conclude.

I humbly beg leave of you, Ladies, to let me remind you that my Cousin Sim is an hearty Lover of you; and also to tell you, that I Andrew his Cousin love and respect you, tho for the sake of poor Sim's great Family of fine Children, I have not yet fix'd on a Wife, neither do I intend it. And therefore as we love you, we will indulge you in all reasonable things; we will allow you to wear whatever ye please from the Crown of the Head to the Sole of the Foot, provided ye deal with your own Country-men, and in our own Manufactures of all Sorts, and no other, except Velvets, Hollands, Cambricks, and Muslins. We forbid all Flanders Lace. And we also intreat you not to be such Sots at Hazard and Quadrille, as many of you are to the ruin of your selves, Husbands, and Children.

We

We think that *all* of you who are good, are beautiful; and that all are very useful, necessary, and agreeable, if they don't spoil themselves. As we look unto the Rock from whence we were hewn, so do we also to the Pit of the Hole from whence we were digged. But we hate, we despise, we are asham'd of, we are astonish'd at those filthy Beasts, those unnatural Sodomites, Pokers, Buggerers, and Knockers at Men's Back-doors, which abound; and also all Flagellateers:

*Who by their promisc'ous Practice at Venus-Game,
Have render'd themselves weak, faint, impotent,
and lame.*

And now, Readers, if my Cous. Sim and I Andrew his Cousin have any ways instructed or diverted you in any thing, and ye are pleas'd to encourage us, in taking off our ^{Anti}Whistonical and ^{Anti}Gorgonical, Pills, Powders, Juleps, Plaisters, Bolus's, Antiscorbutics, &c. it may prevail on us to appear on the Stage again,—and to present you with a new Dictionary or Vocabulary of the Scriblerian Dialect, with the Etymologies of its Words, the Beauty, Figure, and Expressiveness of its Phrases, &c. For, like the great Lewis the 14th of France, we intend to improve, enlarge, refine, and polish the English Tongue, as he erected an Academy to do the same in the French. (15)

Tho, to speak our Minds freely, we think that (15) ^{like Whiston} there are too many Words of all Sorts already; good and bad, smooth and rough, true and false; and that the Use and End of Words is too much abus'd, and misapply'd; and that the Sound and Jingle of 'em is more delighted in than the Substance and Solidity of good and honourable Deeds: in short, that good Words have jostled out and box'd away good Actions.

We

We may also open to your View a choice *Cabinet of Arcana* in our Landry, Brewery, Bakery, Cookery, Distillery, Confectionary, &c. if we find Encouragement in the Sale of our *Paper-Commodities*, or in any other way.

Finally, and to conclude in *Earnest*, whoever ye be, *Readers*, Male or Female, courteous or *uncourteous*, gentle or *kicking*, wise or *otherwise*, civil or *uncivil*, Christian or *Unchristian*, Heretic or *Schismatic*, Pagan, *Scoffer*, *Infidel*, *Apostate*, *Blasphemarian*, or *Independent-Whig*, I wish you well; I heartily wish you well; I will pray for your *Repentance*, *Conversion*, and *Amendment*; and bid you all very heartily Farewel.

Andrew Scriblerus.

If occasion be, direct for me at the Golden Hand and Pen in Mereweather Court in Scribler's Alley Grub-street London.

Dated from these my Lodgings this tenth Day of February, A. D. 17³¹/₁₁

Pray clap me off the Stage, if ever you wou'd have me appear again. If you like *Sim* and *me*, bind us in *Calf-Skin*, and put a *red Mark* and *Golden Letter* on our Back, for the Encouragement of *Book-binders*. If not, you may use us as ye please — *Hoc est Opus meum Palmarium, quod est Salubre; imo est Salutiferum atque Saluberrimum.* And so be made an *End-a.* (See Conclns. of the famous Ballad of the Frog and the Crow.)

(16) The Enco-
mium with
Whiston bestows
on some of his
writings.

F I N I S



